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*When moiling seems at cease
In the vague void of night-time,
And heaven's wide roomage stormless
Between the dusk and light time,
And fear at last is formless,
We call the allurements Peace.*

II.

*Peace—this hid riot, Change,
This revel of quick-cued mumming,
This never truly being,
This evermore becoming,
This spinner's wheel onfleeing
Outside conception's range.
1917.*

PROLOGUE

ALTHOUGH as yet our heads ache too much from the bludgeoning of war for us to count our wounds, a menacing instinct warns us that we are somehow maimed; yet how we do not know. We have lost friends in and through whom we largely lived; and the loss is grievous to us. But we feel that our catastrophe has been more intimate and perilous by far than this. Wherein, then, does it lie? Surely we cannot be weeping like children because life has been unkind. Even if we were idealists and opti-

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mists we cannot have been so indurated as to refuse the consolation of the truth merely because the truth happened to be one which we did not desire. And who can tell whether it is better that we should continue to inhabit the castle of indolent illusion than that its ruins should fall about our awakened heads? The earthquake has happened and we have to live amid the debris. We had better make the best of it.

So the invincible argument goes on, urging us to begin drawing our maps again, before we are too old to be masters of any country which

we did not explore while we were yet young. Yet we hesitate. There is a difference between making ourselves comfortable with part of our knowledge, and squarely facing all that we know. Thus we may flee to art as to a place where there is neither wind nor snow, but a windless calm; we may turn to contemplate the motionless pageantry of the idea, permanent amid all change, and independent of the vicissitudes that beset the tenement of the knowing mind. Or we may say that art and thought, even the most abstract, can only be firmly built on the foundation of that strange equilibrium of the mind which comes, like the smooth swell after a storm, when nothing of what experience has brought has been denied or ignored. Out of the pregnant stillness of this equilibrium may arise impulses to withdrawal and remoteness which have an outward likeness to those which urged us to escape from what we know; but they will not be the same. The contempt and abhorrence which enter into the one will not disturb and vitiate the other. Neither will there be any remnant of the illusion that we are despised and rejected prophets.

Unlike prophecy, art and thought are self-satisfying activities. If they chance to serve any social purpose the service is not one which society as a whole acknowledges. Therefore it is out of place to insist upon it. The deadliest insult you can offer to a man is to maintain that you are doing him a kindness which he cannot appreciate. Parents rightly earn the detestation of their children by this practice. The appeal of art is from one single mind to another single mind. These other single minds may be many, or they may be few; but they cannot be deliberately provided for, because they are discovered (if indeed they are ever discovered) only by the event. The artist can claim no validity for his work apart from that which it creates. Nor is the thinker in a different case. He may claim that his conclusions must compel the assent of every honest mind; but he cannot create honest minds, any more than the poet can create sensibilities responsive to the beauty of his poetry.

There is nothing profoundly new in these considerations, but they have been reinforced with a sudden vehemence by the experiences of the war. For all the lessons which have been forced upon our minds by this upheaval unite to form one indelible impression. Mankind as a whole does no more than lip-service to the ideal. The ideal is, indeed, not one, but manifold. There is the Christian ideal of the communion of souls; there is the rational ideal of the harmonious community of self-

disciplined minds; there is the scientific ideal of universal law; but common to all ideals that have not merely usurped the name is the fact that they are universal in intention. The ideal of an Englishman, in so far as it is an ideal and not a prejudice, should be able to command the loyalty of a Chinaman: he should not have to be naturalized to appreciate it. It is not that the universality of the ideal is ever explicitly denied. Its name and potency are still invoked. No words have been more often spoken than justice and civilization. But the justice is generally the justice of Thrasymachus, and in the name of civilization we crush its finest flower, the unimpeded activity of the individual mind.

For this very reason the endeavour must be made to establish the universality of the ideal. Even though it may have no confidence in its success, the free spirit must strive, as a condition of its own existence, that its sovereignty should be recognized by the world. Yet it must allow that the task is arduous and formidable, and must never again slumber comfortably in the illusion that its supremacy, because it is not directly challenged, is secure. A rebel does not directly challenge the authority of a being whom he despises or ignores; he is content to be made Mayor of the Palace. It would be far better that the free spirit should acknowledge its temporal servitude and live with dignity in an attic or a tub than that it should consent to be a *roi faineant* in order to enjoy the deceptive amenities of a palace it does not command. Those who care to inquire into pedigrees can have no doubt about its royal blood, but the royalty will remain apparent only on condition that there is no misalliance nor voluntary derogation of dignity. The free spirit should behave like a king indeed, and choose to go in rags rather than wave greetings from the balcony to a crowd which it does not control.

In other words, we must no longer confuse the earthly city with the heavenly. We must remember what we have learned, that the temporal republic is the same as the spiritual only in the eyes of generous aspiration. We would not have generous aspiration less, nor do we believe that it will be diminished for being better directed. But that unflinching honesty of its defenders, by which alone the republic of the spirit can be made impregnable, must admit that the citizenship of that republic is at present no title to honour in the temporal city. Perhaps the reason is that the honesty has in the past not been unflinching. Compromise breeds no respect, and in things of the spirit deserves none. Those who stoop to declare *vox populi, vox dei* (in other matters

than political), insult their deity, their people and themselves.

The aristocracy of the spirit is the only aristocracy in the world worth having, for any man may enter it. But it can only be worth having and worth entering if it exacts the highest from itself. If it is to disregard, as it must, alien attributes such as wealth and popular esteem, it must replace these by titles more arduous. In order that it may have the strength to refuse to compromise without, it must refuse to compromise within. To wink at any defection from its own standards, to tolerate slovenly thought or meretricious art, to admit for one single moment that the republic of the spirit is a place of licence because it is largely screened from the public eye, to forget that the rejection of the standard of the market-place is justified only by the acceptance of a far sterner morality—is to have forfeited the claim to present respect and ultimate allegiance.

Though respect and allegiance may be claimed, it is possible that they may not be given. We should not even expect that they will be given, for respect and allegiance to have spiritual worth must be given, if not in full, at least in partial knowledge of the cause. The impulse to knowledge is rare; few people care passionately for the truth, and few for the beauty which cannot endure unless truth has gone to its making. Yet, although in comparison with the many they are few, together they would make no small company, if those in whom the impulse to knowledge had begun to stir were not turned away by the dishonest compromise which is offered them. For it is not difficulty which turns them away so much as the unworthiness of those who profess the ideal which is set before them. Spiritual honesty rings true to many more ears than there are minds to understand its structural complexity, and it is not malice or brutishness which refuses to acknowledge an eminence that is manifested only in contemptuousness. There is no arrogance in the work of an honest mind; there is plain speaking and humility.

If, therefore, the republic of the spirit is to attract the loyalty of those without, it must at all costs maintain its inward probity. If it would defend the truth, it must itself be true. If it would gain allegiance, it must not demand it. It can compel only its citizens, and only if it does compel these will it finally attract the others. It must cherish no illusion of temporal supremacy, and be content with the knowledge that the practice of its citizenship is sufficient reward. No man need join it unless he will, but once joined he must

obey its single, simple law. To do less than his uttermost is to have betrayed the commonwealth to which he claims to belong.

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She was born in 1776, the eldest daughter of that extraordinary Earl Stanhope, Jacobin and inventor, who made the first steamboat and the first calculating machine, who defended the French Revolution in the House of Lords and erased the armorial bearings—"damned aristocratical nonsense"—from his carriages and his plate. Her mother, Chatham's daughter and the favourite sister of Pitt, died when she was four years old. The second Lady Stanhope, a frigid woman of fashion, left her stepdaughters to the care of futile governesses, while "Citizen Stanhope" ruled the household from his laboratory with the violence of a tyrant. It was not until Lady Hester was twenty-four that she escaped from the slavery of her father's house, by going to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham. On Lady Chatham's death, three years later, Pitt offered

her his protection, and she remained with him until his death in 1806.

Her three years with Pitt, passed in the very centre of splendid power, were brilliant and exciting. She flung herself impetuously into the movement and the passion of that vigorous society; she ruled her uncle's household with high vivacity; she was liked and courted; if not beautiful, she was fascinating—very tall, with a very fair and clear complexion, and dark-blue eyes, and a countenance of wonderful expressiveness. Her talk, full of the trenchant nonchalance of those days, was both amusing and alarming: "My dear Hester, what are you saying?" Pitt would call out to her from across the room. She was devoted to her uncle, who warmly returned her affection. She was devoted, too—but in a more dangerous fashion—to the intoxicating Antinous, Lord Granville Leveson Gower. The reckless manner in which she carried on this love-affair was the first indication of something overstrained, something wild and unaccountable, in her temperament. Lord Granville, after flirting with her outrageously, declared that he could never marry her, and went off on an embassy to St. Petersburg. Her distraction was extreme: she hinted that she would follow him to Russia; she threatened, and perhaps attempted, suicide; she went about telling everybody that he had jilted her. She was taken ill, and then there were rumours of an accouchement, which, it was said, she took care to *afficher*, by appearing without rouge and fainting on the slightest provocation. In the midst of these excursions and alarms there was a terrible and unexpected catastrophe. Pitt died. And Lady Hester suddenly found herself a dethroned princess, living in a small house in Montagu Square on a pension of £1,200 a year.

She did not abandon society, however, and the tongue of gossip continued to wag. Her immediate marriage with a former lover, Mr. Hill, was announced: "*il est bien bon*," said Lady Bessborough. Then it was whispered that Canning was "*le regnant*"—that he was with her "not only all day, but almost all night." She quarrelled with Canning, and became attached to Sir John Moore. Whether she was actually engaged to marry him—as she seems to have asserted many years later—is doubtful; his letters to her, full as they are of respectful tenderness, hardly warrant the conclusion; but it is certain that he died with her name on his lips. Her favourite brother, Charles, was killed beside him; and it was natural that under this double blow she should have retired from London. She buried herself in Wales; not but for long. In 1810 she set sail for Gibraltar with her

brother James, who was rejoining his regiment in the Peninsula. She never returned to England.

There can be no doubt that at the time of her departure the thought of a lifelong exile was far from her mind. It was only gradually, as she moved further and further eastward, that the prospect of life in England—at last even in Europe—grew distasteful to her; as late as 1816 she was talking of a visit to Provence. Accompanied by two or three English fellow travellers, her English maid, Mrs. Fry, her private physician, Dr. Meryon, and a host of servants, she progressed, slowly and in great state, through Malta and Athens, to Constantinople. She was conveyed in battleships, and lodged with governors and ambassadors. After spending many months in Constantinople, Lady Hester discovered that she was "dying to see Napoleon with her own eyes," and attempted accordingly to obtain passports to France. The project was stopped by Stratford Canning, the English Minister, upon which she decided to visit Egypt, and, chartering a Greek vessel, sailed for Alexandria in the winter of 1811. Off the island of Rhodes a violent storm sprang up; the whole party were forced to abandon the ship, and to take refuge upon a bare rock, where they remained without food or shelter for thirty hours. Eventually, after many severe privations, Alexandria was reached in safety; but this disastrous voyage was a turning-point in Lady Hester's career. At Rhode she was forced to exchange her torn and dripping raiment for the attire of a Turkish gentleman—a dress which she never afterwards abandoned. It was the first step in her orientalizing.

She passed the next two years in a triumphal progress. Her appearance in Cairo caused the greatest sensation, and she was received in state by the Pasha, Mehemet Ali. Her costume on this occasion was gorgeous: she wore a turban of cashmere, a brocaded waistcoat, a priceless pelisse, and a vast pair of purple velvet pantaloons embroidered all over in gold. She was ushered by chamberlains with silver wands through the inner courts of the palace to a pavilion in the harem, where the Pasha, rising to receive her, conversed with her for an hour. From Cairo she turned northwards, visiting Jaffa, Jerusalem, Acre, and Damascus. Her travelling dress was of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, and, when on horseback, she wore over the whole a white-hooded and tasselled burnous. Her maid, too, was forced, protesting, into trousers, though she absolutely refused to ride astride. Poor Mrs. Fry had gone through various and dreadful sufferings—shipwreck and starvation, rats and blackbeetles

unspeakable—but she retained her equanimity. Whatever her Ladyship might think fit to be, she was an Englishwoman to the last, and Philippaki was Philip Parker and Mustapha Mr. Farr.

Outside Damascus, Lady Hester was warned that the town was the most fanatical in Turkey, and that the scandal of a woman entering it in man's clothes, unveiled, would be so great as to be dangerous. She was begged to veil herself, and to make her entry under cover of darkness. "I must take the bull by the horns," she replied, and rode into the city unveiled at midday. The population were thunderstruck; but at last their amazement gave way to enthusiasm, and the incredible lady was hailed everywhere as Queen, crowds followed her, coffee was poured out before her, and the whole bazaar rose as she passed. Yet she was not satisfied with her triumphs; she would do something still more glorious and astonishing; she would plunge into the desert and visit the ruins of Palmyra, which only half a dozen of the boldest travellers had ever seen. The Pasha of Damascus offered her a military escort, but she preferred to throw herself upon the hospitality of the Bedouin Arabs, who, overcome by her horsemanship, her powers of sight, and her courage, enrolled her a member of their tribe. After a week's journey in their company, she reached Palmyra, where the inhabitants met her with wild enthusiasm, and under the Corinthian columns of Zenobia's temple crowned her head with flowers. This happened in March, 1813; it was the apogee of Lady Hester's life. Henceforward her fortunes gradually but steadily declined.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(To be concluded.)

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

LOW VISIBILITY

THE stars lie above all countries alike, but the atmosphere that intervenes is denser in one place than in another; and even where it is purest, if once its atoms catch the sunlight, it cuts off the prospect beyond. In some climates the veil of earthly weather is so thick and blotted that even the plodder with his eyes on the ground finds its density inconvenient, and misses his way home. The advantage of having eyes is neutralized at such moments, and it would be better to have retained the power of going on all fours and being guided by scent. In fact human beings everywhere are like marine

animals and live in a congenial watery medium, which like themselves is an emanation of mother earth; and they are content for the most part to glide through it horizontally at their native level. They ignore the third, the vertical dimension; or if they ever get some inkling of empty heights or rigid depths where they could not breathe, they dismiss that speculative thought with a shudder, and continue to dart about in their familiar aquarium, immersed in an opaque fluid that cools their passions, protects their intellect from mental dispersion, keeps them from idle gazing, and screens them from impertinent observation by those who have no business in the premises.

The stellar universe that silently surrounds them, if while swimming they ever think of it, seems to them something foreign and not quite credibly reported. How should anything exist so unlike home, so out of scale with their affairs, so little watery, and so little human? Their philosophers confirm them in that incredulity; and the sea-caves hold conclaves of profound thinkers congregated to prove that only fog can be real. The dry, their council decrees, is but a vain abstraction, a mere negative which human imagination opposes to the moist, of which alone, since life is moist, there can be positive experience.

As for the stars, these inspired children of the mist have discovered that they are nothing but postulates of astronomy, imagined for a moment to exist, in order that a beautiful human science may be constructed about them. Duller people, born in the same fog, may not understand so transcendental a philosophy, but they spontaneously frame others of their own, not unlike it in principle. In the middle of the night, when the starlight best manages to pierce to the lowest strata of the air, these good people are asleep; yet occasionally when they are returning somewhat disappointed from a party, or when illness or anxiety or love-hunger keeps them pacing their chamber or tossing in their beds, by chance they may catch a glimpse of a star or two twinkling between their curtains. Idle objects, they say to themselves, like dots upon the wall-paper. Why should there be stars at all, and why so many of them? Certainly they shed a little light and are pretty; and they are a convenience sometimes in the country when there is no moon and no lampposts; and they are said to be useful in navigation and to enable the astronomers to calculate sidereal time in addition to solar time, which is doubtless a great satisfaction to them. But all this hardly seems to justify such an expense of matter and energy as is involved

in celestial mechanics. To have so much going on so far away, and for such prodigious lengths of time, seems rather futile and terrible. Who knows? Astrologers used to foretell people's character and destiny by their horoscope; perhaps they may turn out to have been more or less right after all, now that science is coming round again to support more and more what our fathers called superstitions. There may be some meaning in the stars, a sort of code-language, such as Bacon put into Shakespeare's sonnets, which would prove to us, if we could only read it, not how insignificant, but how very important we are in the world, since the very stars are talking about us.

The safest thing, however, is to agree with the great idealists, who say that there are really no stars at all. Or, if their philosophy seems insecure—and there are rumours that even the professors are hedging on the subject—we can always take refuge in faith, and think of the heavenly bodies as beautiful new homes in which we are to meet and work together again when we die; and as in time we might grow weary even there, with being every day busier and happier, there must always be other stars at hand for us to move to, each happier and busier than the last; and since we wish to live and to progress for ever, the number of habitable planets provided for us has to be infinite. Certainly faith is far better than science for explaining everything.

So the embryonic soul reasons in her shell of vapour; her huddled philosophy is, as it were, pre-natal, and discredits the possibility of ever peeping into a cold outer world. Yet in time this shell may grow dangerously thin in places and a little vague light may filter through. Strange promptings and premonitions at the same time may visit the imprisoned spirit, as if it might not be impossible or inglorious to venture into a world that was not oneself. At last, willy-nilly, the soul may be actually hatched, and may suddenly find herself horribly exposed, cast perhaps on the Arabian desert, or on some high, scorched, open place that resembles it, like the uplands of Castile. There the rarefied atmosphere lets the stars down upon her overwhelmingly, like a veritable host of heaven. There the barren earth winds few tentacles about the heart; it stretches away dark and empty beneath our feet, a mere footstool for meditation. It is a thing to look away from, too indifferent and accidental even to spurn; for, after all, it supports us, and though small and extinguished it is one of the stars. In these regions the shepherds first thought of God.

G. SANTAYANA.

REVIEWS

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS AND THE OLD

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS: a first selection of the lives of young men who have fallen in the great war. By E. B. Osborn. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

AT the beginning of the "Theætetus" Plato gives the whole effect, the tone, of youthful promise slain in battle. Theætetus is brought home from Corinth dying of "the disease prevalent in the army." One of the friends through whom the event is reported recalls the fact that Socrates, shortly before his death, met and conversed with the boy Theætetus and prophesied great things of him "if he lived long enough." The mood of regret over youth (untimely nipped) has been, like most of the moods of thought, perfectly expressed by Plato. It is a mood which gives pleasure to a great many people. But when it is drawn out to the length of a book, extended and repeated in some twenty figures, and elevated almost to a philosophy of life, it is a different matter. To observe that Plato has said all that there is to say, or to remark that Mr. Osborn has omitted one dead soldier who was a real poet—T. E. Hulme—is not to derogate from the memory of these young men. They had charm. Most of them wrote verse, quite mediocre juvenile verse; and their literary interest appears to be one of the principles of selection. But their work is hardly more than a means of exploiting their charm, and in the charm is the danger.

The truth is that when one tries to work the subject beyond the point at which Plato has left it, one quickly reaches a point where further exposure becomes improper. There is a great difference of taste between memories of forward youth kept alive in the thoughts of a family and near friends, and the same memories warmed up to feed the public. It is all the difference between emotion and sentiment. One test is this, that Mr. Osborn, in his character sketches, has found himself, perhaps unconsciously, forced to maintain the tone of personal acquaintance. He makes no claim to have known all the young men personally. But his tone, in every case, is the tone suitable to a personal admirer. "I have chiefly," he says, "relied upon the opinions, written or communicated in conversation, of the younger generation." Apart from quotation and reference he frequently writes like this:

He preferred a few close friends to a multitude of acquaintances, having that rare genius for friendship which is a characteristic of all strong influential personalities.

Overlooking the question of the universality of the truth propounded in the last clause, we may at least complain that this sentence, written about a young Scotchman of very attractive features, is too soft and vague to give any historical impression of the hero. It sounds like a letter of condolence from the commanding officer. The letter might be the expression of genuine feeling; but such a sentence in a biographical study is merely sentiment.

As for the subjects of these memoirs, we are quite

prepared to believe that they were delightful persons, and that their loss is a public misfortune. Without question. They were not more sentimental than most young men, and they were not all of one type. Dixon Scott, for instance, who was probably a very efficient Extension lecturer and is praised as a critic, is of a very different species from Gerald and Julian Grenfell. Three were Americans. Some were Oxford intelligentsia. Brian Brooke, whose peculiar ambitions make him more interesting than the majority, was a settler in East Africa. He was called Kurongo (strong man) by his neighbours, who adopted him into their tribe. He was a genuine explorer in temperament, having (as we infer) that particular matter-of-fact romanticism which is proper to explorers and adventurers. None of the heroes, if we may judge from the verse and prose extracts from their works, was favoured with remarkable genius (unless what is called the "genius for living"). It would be unfair to expect any new revelation of life from any of these short careers. Important truth comes to the young only in rare flashes of genius. There are no flashes; some of the men had a nice honesty in detail, in accounting for their lives in France—but not that great honesty of the general scheme, that superhuman honesty which is realized only by years of observation and thought and which constitutes the genius of middle age.

Thus the young American Alan Seeger (whose poems were pleasantly edited by Mr. William Archer) seems to us to have lived always in a violet mist. The Paris of his verse—he lived in Paris—might be the Paris of a performance of "Louise" at the Boston Opera-House. His descriptions are accurate enough:

The winter morning dawns with grey skies and the hoarfrost on the fields. His feet are numb, his canteen frozen, but he is not allowed to make a fire. The winter night falls, with its prospect of sentry duty, and the continual apprehension of the hurried call to arms; he is not even permitted to light a candle, but must fold himself in his blanket and lie down cramped in the dirty straw to sleep as best he may. How different from the popular notion of the evening camp-fire, the songs and good cheer!

But how general it is, how deficient in significant detail! Vision is significant detail, particularity of movement, sensation, thought. We need not go to so great an authority as the writer of the "Chartreuse de Parme." Sir Walter Raleigh, writing of the sea fight off Cadiz, says that the Spanish ships . . .

let slip, and ran aground, tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, as thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud.

Raleigh was well over forty.

We are a little wearied, in fact, by the solemnity with which Mr. Osborn accepts the youthful mind and the youthful point of view. "Youth knows more about the young," he says, "than old age or middle age." If this were so, civilization would be impossible, experience worthless. *Hommes de la trentaine, de la quarantaine*, assert yourselves. Sympathy with youth is life; but acceptance of youth at its own valuation is sentiment; it is indifference to serious living. It leads to a pose, a form, from which certainly many of these young men

were quite free: an idealization of actions and emotions, as contrasted with an interest in knowing what the world is like. So a young dragoon, of literary interests, exclaims about war:

It is all the best fun. I have never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health and stolid nerves and barbaric disposition. The fighting-excitement vitalizes everything, every sight and word and action. One loves one's fellow-man so much more when one is bent on killing him.

As a fancy of a very young man, this may be allowed to pass. What is intolerable is Mr. Osborn's comment:

This, the mystical way of looking at war, is the right way for war is a form of mysticism in action.

It may be the mystical way, for mystical may be almost anything.

It is not noticeably the Elizabethan way. The Elizabethans were not always consistent or self-critical people; but their vice was rhetoric, not sentiment; it disfigured their expression, but did not affect their minds. Indeed, there are several misconceptions about Elizabethans. They were not, in any surprising number, all-round amateurs, as Mr. Osborn seems to imply. Sidney is mentioned—the poet, the courtier, the novelist, the soldier, the aristocrat. Sidney's mother's family was much better than his father's; and he wrote endlessly about the glories of his house. He wrote one of the dullest novels in the language, and many of his sonnets are models of frigidity; his essay on poetry contains no distinguished and many questionable ideas. He was saved by an anecdote, to be nominated a master of English prose; and as no one reads Nashe, or Lancelot Andrewes, or Martin Marprelate, the impression is very strong that Elizabethan prose is very bad. *Christ is no wild-cat*, said Bishop Andrewes. Raleigh is a different matter. He is almost the only Elizabethan, in Mr. Osborn's sense, who could occasionally write well. When he had a subject from his own experience, or for the benefit of which he could draw upon his own experience—as in his account of Cadiz, of the fight of the *Revenge*, or the travels in Guiana—he could write without the vices of his age; and in his "History" he sometimes adumbrates the latinity of Gibbon. His last verses are an excellent amateur production. But Raleigh, who lived to a mature age, has not the New Elizabethan tone. He was simply a man of immense vitality who was interested in a number of things, and in a grand way.

The virtues of the New Elizabethans, in point of fact, are not so much the virtues of the Elizabethans as they are the ideals of the Victorians. The difference is as great as that between Malory and Tennyson. There was a reaction after the nineties. After the Wilde period came the Rupert Brooke period. It was a continuation of the former—neither Wilde nor Brooke was really an artist, and both betray a certain vulgarity—and it was also a reversion to the previous period—to the idyllic, to the beauties of the country, fresh air, tramping with a knapsack. It produced a wide diffusion of verse-writing. The heroism displayed, and the genuine qualities of charm, were not manifestations of any particular period. The literature produced was very much of the period;

it was not Elizabethan,⁵ and it was not good writing. To a person of any real feeling, the heroes might have been all the more interesting had they been less articulate.

MR. YEATS' SWAN SONG.

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan. 5s. net)

IN the preface to this book Mr. W. B. Yeats speaks of "the phantasmagoria through which alone I can express my convictions about the world." The challenge could hardly be more direct. At the threshold we are confronted with a legend upon the door-post which gives us the essential plan of all that we shall find in the house if we enter in. There are, it is true, a few things capable of common use, verses written in the seeming-strong vernacular of literary Dublin, as it were a hospitable bench placed outside the door. They are indeed inside the house, but by accident or for temporary shelter. They do not, as the phrase goes, belong to the scheme, for they are direct transcriptions of the common reality, whether found in the sensible world or the emotion of the mind. They are, from Mr. Yeats' angle of vision (as indeed from our own), essentially *vers d'occasion*.

The poet's high and passionate argument must be sought elsewhere, and precisely in his expression of his convictions about the world. And here, on the poet's word and the evidence of our search, we shall find phantasmagoria, ghostly symbols of a truth which cannot be otherwise conveyed, at least by Mr. Yeats. To this, in itself, we make no demur. The poet, if he is a great poet, is driven to approach the highest reality he can apprehend. He cannot transcribe it simply because he does not possess the necessary apparatus of knowledge, and because if he did possess it his passion would flag. It is not often that Spinoza can disengage himself to write as he does at the beginning of the third Book of the *Ethics*, nor could Lucretius often kindle so great a fire in his soul as that which made his material incandescent in *Aeneidum genetrix*. Therefore the poet turns to myth as a foundation upon which he can explicate his imagination. He may take his myth from legend or familiar history, or he may create one for himself anew; but the function it fulfils is always the same. It supplies the elements with which he can build the structure of his parable, upon which he can make it elaborate enough to convey the multitudinous reactions of his soul to the world.

But between myths and phantasmagoria there is a great gulf. The structural possibilities of the myth depend upon its intelligibility. The child knows upon what drama, played in what world, the curtain will rise when he hears the trumpet-note: "Of man's first disobedience. . . ." And, even when the poet turns from legend and history to create his own myth, he must make one whose validity is visible, if he is not to be condemned to the sterility of a coterie. The lawless and fantastic shapes of his own imagination need, even for their own perfect embodiment, the discipline of the common perception. The phantoms

of the individual brain, left to their own waywardness, lose all solidity and become like primary forms of life, instead of the penultimate forms they should be. For the poet himself must move securely among his visions; they must be not less certain and steadfast than men are. To anchor them he needs intelligible myth. Nothing less than a supremely great genius can save him if he ventures into the vast without a landmark visible to other eyes than his own. Blake had a supremely great genius and was saved in part. The masculine vigour of his passion gave stability to the figures of his imagination. They are heroes because they are made to speak like heroes. Even in Blake's most recondite work there is always the moment when the clouds are parted and we recognize the austere and awful countenances of gods. The phantasmagoria of the dreamer have been mastered by the sheer creative will of the poet. Like Jacob, he wrestled until the going down of the sun with his angel and would not let him go.

The effort which such momentary victories demand is almost superhuman; yet to possess the power to exert it is the sole condition upon which a poet may plunge into the world of phantasms. Mr. Yeats has too little of the power to vindicate himself from the charge of idle dreaming. He knows the problem; perhaps he has also known the struggle. But the very terms in which he suggests it to us subtly convey a sense of impotence:

Hands, do what you're bid;
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed.

The languor and ineffectuality of the image tell us clearly how the poet has failed in his larger task; its exactness, its precise expression of an ineffectuality made conscious and condoned, bears equal witness to the poet's minor probity. He remains an artist by determination, even though he returns downcast and defeated from the great quest of poetry. We were inclined at first, seeing those four lines enthroned in majestic isolation on a page, to find in them evidence of an untoward conceit. Subsequently they have seemed to reveal a splendid honesty. Although it has little mysterious and haunting beauty, "The Wild Swans at Coole" is indeed a swan song. It is eloquent of final defeat; the following of a lonely path has ended in the poet's sinking exhausted in a wilderness of grey. Not even the regret is passionate; it is pitiful.

I am worn out with dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams;
And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in book
A pictured beauty,
Pleased to have filled the eyes
Or the discerning ears,
Delighted to be but wise,
For men improve with the years;
And yet, and yet
Is this my dream, or the truth?
O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth;
But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

It is pitiful because, even now in spite of all his honesty, the poet mistakes the cause of his sorrow. He is worn out not with dreams, but with the vain effort to master them and submit them to his own creative energy. He has not subdued them nor built a new world from them; he has merely followed them like will-o'-the-wisps away from the world he knew. Now, possessing neither world, he sits by the edge of a barren road that vanishes into a no-man's land, where is no future, and whence there is no way back to the past.

My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan's poor;
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.

It may be that Mr. Yeats has succumbed to the malady of a nation. We do not know whether such things are possible; we must consider him only in and for himself. From this angle we can regard him only as a poet whose creative vigour has failed him when he had to make the highest demands upon it. His sojourn in the world of the imagination, far from enriching his vision, has made it infinitely tenuous. Of this impoverishment, as of all else that has overtaken him, he is agonizedly aware.

I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare,
Worn thin by the lapping of water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet, and stare
At the old bitter world where they marry in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches,
Through the white thin bone of a hare.

Nothing there remains of the old bitter world which for all its bitterness is a full world also; but nothing remains of the sweet world of imagination. Mr. Yeats has made the tragic mistake of thinking that to contemplate it was sufficient. Had he been a great poet he would have made it his own, by forcing it into the fetters of speech. By re-creating it, he would have made it permanent; he would have built landmarks to guide him always back to where the effort of his last discovery had ended. But now there remains nothing but a handful of the symbols with which he was content:

A Sphinx with woman breast and lion paw,
A Buddha, hand at rest,
Hand lifted up that blest;
And right between these two a girl at play.

These are no more than the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel, and, alas! there is no prophetic fervour to make them live.

Whether Mr. Yeats, by some grim fatality, mistook his phantasmagoria for the product of the creative imagination, or whether (as we would believe) he made an effort to discipline them to his poetic purpose and failed, we cannot certainly say. Of this, however, we are certain, that somehow, somewhere, there has been disaster. He is empty, now. He has the apparatus of enchantment, but no potency in his soul. He is forced to fall back upon the artistic

honesty which has never forsaken him. That it is an insufficient reserve let this passage show:—

For those that love the world serve it in action,
Grow rich, popular and full of influence,
And should they paint or write still it is action:
The struggle of the fly in marmalade.
The rhetorician would deceive his neighbours,
The sentimentalist himself; while art
Is but a vision of reality. . . .

Mr. Yeats is neither rhetorician nor sentimentalist. He is by structure and impulse an artist. But structure and impulse are not enough. Passionate apprehension must be added to them. Because this is lacking in Mr. Yeats those lines, concerned though they are with things he holds most dear, are prose and not poetry.

CHRISTIANITY, NATIONALISM, AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE CHURCH.

By C. Gore, D.D., Bishop of Oxford. (Hodder & Stoughton 1s. net.)

NATIONALISM AND CATHOLICISM. By Lord Hugh Cecil. (Macmillan).

HOPES FOR ENGLISH RELIGION. By J. Neville Figgis, D.D.

(Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.)

RELIGION AND THE WAR: a series of essays on the War and Reconstruction by Members of the Faculty of the School of Religion, Yale University, edited by E. H. Sneath, Ph.D., LL.D. (Yale University Press. 4s. net.)

THE course of the Christian Church is a continued, painful attempt to find the right application and due adjustment of principles laid down in pregnant aphorism, but not worked out in detail, by its Founder. Only an impetuous criticism can maintain that to profess Christianity is to have a golden rule for meeting all emergencies with ease. It is not really matter for amazement, therefore, that Christendom should at the beginning of the twentieth century of its life still be fumbling with a problem which Paul the Apostle thought he had seen solved before the end of the first. "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all." So he summed up his life's victory over the Judaizers, and it may well seem strange that in 1919 Christians should still be in doubt how far international fraternity is really part of their religion. It might have been expected that Lord Hugh Cecil, pleading for the Catholic ideal in its widest sense, would be able to stigmatize "the idolatrous character of nationalist sentiment" without earning a sharp rebuke from a leading Church newspaper; that Dr. Figgis, lecturing to Anglicans on "Our Catholic Inheritance," would not need to remind them that "neither for English Christianity nor for English culture would it have been aught but a calamity if she (the English Church) had grown up in isolation from Europe"; and that the Bishop of Oxford could have dispensed with argument to show that the League of Nations is an eminently Christian ideal, in which organized Christianity may even aspire to a role of practical efficacy. But it is not so, and because it is not so, the Christian Church has suffered much bitter criticism during the war.

This criticism has not always been ingenuous. While we have judged the patriotism of Cardinal Hartmann offensive, we have judged the patriotism of

Cardinal Mercier sublime. We have blamed Prof. Harnack for not rising to an "objective" view of the world situation, but we have scarcely encouraged our own religious leaders to do so, or greatly applauded any of those who made the attempt. And by the Germans, as much as by ourselves, the Pope has been blamed for not interpreting his "neutrality" with more one-sidedness. Still there have been in this field a number of genuinely conscientious objectors, who have been scandalized when Bavarian Catholic soldiers rifled the tabernacles of French Catholic churches, when the agitation for placing the Sacred Heart on the battle-flags of the French Republic was revived, when Anglican bishops were so often photographed in military uniform, even though it were only the uniform of Army chaplains. Has the Christian Church, they ask, entirely forgotten the Catholic ideal of St. Paul? And, if so, in what way will it help forward the coming era when nations are to be brothers? Such perplexities might be in some degree alleviated were it realized that we have here, in principle, apart from incidental excesses, a failure to conciliate two valid ideals. The temper of law-abiding is as firmly inculcated in the New Testament as the temper which disregards distinctions of race. And this not on any theory of political absolutism, but because the primal sanctities of social life are among the postulates of personal morality. For St. Paul fidelity to state commands, the duty of subjection to "the higher powers," is directly based on the ten commandments. Where the laws are good, who dare thwart the lawgiver? And the primitive Church in all the anguish of its persecutions rarely, if ever, doubted the benefits of Cæsar's government. It is almost matter for awe to note how fervidly the Apologists of the second century protest their loyalty to a system that has not yet even learned to grant them bare life. And no sooner did the Empire tolerate than the Church fitted itself with enthusiasm into its structure, was proud to become a link in its administration. There was then no risk in obeying a worldwide dominion of splitting the people of God on national lines. True, in the Apostolic Canons the bishops of each "nation" are grouped together under their respective primates, but this was only a shadow of the future. No doubt, as Dr. Gore notes, "the Nestorian, Donatist, and Monophysite schisms owed more than has been commonly suspected to nationalist feeling in Syria and Africa and Egypt," but then these movements were regarded as schism and heresy. If the Popes battled to replace the old Empire of the West by the Holy Roman Empire of Charlemagne, it was because they clung to a super-national polity, the reflection and pledge of the Church's Catholic character.

The defeat of this Catholic ideal came when the reverence that had been fitly shown to the upholders of the *pax Romana* was transferred unsuspectingly to the heads of tribes and nations. When loyalty to the Empire ceased to have meaning the spirit of patriotism filled the vacant niche. And since it often involved more exacting sacrifices, its appeal to Christian feeling was in some ways intenser. The consequences have been very slowly realized. In the fourth century Athanasius believed war between Christian peoples to be a thing of the past. By the seventeenth century such wars had ceased to startle any one. Even in

countries still held together by communion with the See of Rome loyalty to the national sovereign was fast outweighing the sense of ecclesiastical fellowship; elsewhere, even ecclesiastical fellowship with the foreigner had been renounced. The twentieth century, awaking with a shock to the tragedy, calls impatiently to the Church to undo the past.

It will not be undone in a day. The fact that the chapter on "The Opportunity of the Church" is the shortest and slightest in Dr. Gore's fine pamphlet on "The League of Nations" shows how poor the immediate prospect is. It is again slightly depressing to find so many of the contributors to the Yale University volume on "Religion and the War" (writing, it is true, before the war was ended) more intent on vindicating the right of the Christian to hit hard in a just cause than on any thoroughgoing project of conciliation. And Dr. Figgis is probably right in thinking that from one cause and another the influence of the Church, and, indeed, of Christianity in any form, on national life is more likely to decrease than increase in the immediate future. But at least the Church holds within itself the seeds of its recovery. In reviving its sense of the brotherhood of man, it will be returning to its own inherent principles.

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS, 1700-1850. By A. E. Dobbs. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. DOBBS has begun to drive a new furrow in what is now a well-known field of research. His plough is the plough of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, and of those fierce Frenchmen who fought the great and wordy battle of the slips of paper. The method of research and reconstruction is, perhaps, seen at its best in "The Village Labourer" and "The Town Labourer." An infinite number of facts are accumulated, built up one upon the other and into one another, and then, with a scarcely perceptible wave of his pen, the writer allows us to see through his maze of details things which are vast and human, the broad outlines of the edifice of human history in which the bricks and mortar are men's communal beliefs and desires. That is the method at its best: unfortunately, it is not always at its best, and sometimes it may be described in Mr. Ernest Barker's phrase as doing "a great deal of packing for a journey upon which it never starts."

Mr. Dobbs certainly starts upon his journey, and it is one which it was well worth while to undertake. He has set out to trace the connection between English popular education and social movements "of democratic origin or tendency." His present volume is only a stage in his journey, and he promises us another in which he proposes to continue his narrative down to the present day. The mere statement of his subject shows that it lends itself to the patiently intensive method of research and that it is one upon which little or nothing has been adequately written. A study of Mr. Dobbs's volume confirms this first impression. It is packed with extremely interesting facts about

education and educational ideas and ideals, and their connection with the broader currents of social and political movements. In the period covered by this volume, education was left to private enterprise and voluntary association, and this fact was in itself the result of the Englishman's conception of society between 1700 and 1850. It is very curious to see how extremely sensitive educational theory and practice always are to social philosophy and ideals. The idea that each class "has its appropriate standard of culture" produced in the time of Henry VIII. the statute which forbade the reading of the Bible in churches, and granted "the right of private reading" to nobles, gentry, and merchants, while denying it to labourers and working-men. This conception of society, with its rigid stations of life to which God has called the different classes of men, dominated education all through the period dealt with by Mr. Dobbs, and may still be said to dominate it to-day when we reflect upon the enormous gulf fixed between the schools of the well-to-do and the schools of the working class. Other currents of social thought, of course, continually impinged upon this conception and affected the amount of knowledge which the religious, the philanthropists, and the social reformers considered from time to time should be placed within the reach of "the poor." Thus the religious teaching of the eighteenth century, the Sunday School movement, and many other educational experiments (including Mr. Pemberton's "Nursery Chromatic Barrel Organ, for the express purpose of developing the musical attribute of the infant and naturalizing on its mind from birth the perfect language and harmony of music") had as their object not the education of the poor man's mind, but his training for docility in "the first principles of the Christian religion." Even in 1834 some country schools still excluded writing "for fear of evil consequences." But already in the eighteenth century those new currents of human beliefs and desires which let loose the French Revolution were leading to educational conceptions which regarded the evil consequences of a knowledge of writing as actually good. Men began to demand popular education for the working classes on the principle of equality of opportunity, and the preaching and practice of Robert Owen and the experiments of the early Co-operative Societies and the Mechanics' Institutes led on to the modern ideals of compulsory education, of the present Co-operative Movement and other organizations of Labour, and of the Workers' Educational Association, with which Mr. Dobbs will presumably deal in his next volume.

We have said enough to indicate the scope and quality of Mr. Dobbs's investigation. The interaction of these social and political ideas, forces, movements, is of the greatest interest. Yet it must be confessed that his book is disappointing. It has on every page of it evidence of its author's enthusiasm for his subject, his wide reading, scrupulous scholarship, and patient thought; but, unfortunately, this is not enough for the terrible task of making words into sentences, sentences into paragraphs, and paragraphs into a book. We have digested Mr. Dobbs's facts, we have seen his sentences quite clearly, we have occasionally caught a glimpse of a paragraph and a chapter, but we are left

with no vision of his book. And the reason, we fear, is that he has not yet learnt how to make that scarcely perceptible wave of the writer's pen which enables the reader to see through the maze of details the outlines of a complete and living book.

MR. WAUGH IN CAPTIVITY

THE PRISONERS OF MAINZ. By Alec Waugh. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. WAUGH is readable. He is fluent, has a sense of humour, a vein of common sense, and the things he sees are seen as most other people would see them. The first three qualities make for popularity, and the last means that he lacks distinction. Mr. Waugh found his period of imprisonment rather amusing. He was terribly bored at times, of course, but there were entertainments, a funny Colonel, leisure to write and opportunities for literary discussion. The prison at Mainz seems to have been, in essentials, very like an English public school. The lack of food was a trouble at one time, but things became better. The Germans behaved very well, on the whole, and Mr. Waugh bears no animosity. It all sounds very agreeable. But perhaps we are mistaken here, perhaps things were not quite so jolly. It may be that in the profounder depths of the soul . . . Mr. Waugh indicates something of this:

And here in its psychological aspect lies, I think, the true meaning of captivity; for in the bare recital of incidents there must be always a flavour of the soulless. The conditions of life are only really important in so far as they form a framework for personality. It is the individual that counts, and the real meaning of eight months' imprisonment does not lie in their political or sociological aspect, but in the effect that they have on character. For each person they had a different message, each person was touched in a different way.

We are forced to agree that something of the kind must have happened. "The continual presence of sentries and barbed wire flung before us a perpetual symbol of the intelligence fettered by the values of the phenomenal world." After trying to picture this we learn with sympathy that Mr. Waugh took "an almost savage delight in wrenching down the few frail bulwarks of an ultimate belief."

When Mr. Waugh is being natural and is writing about the things that amused him—waiting in queues, attempts at escape, rival entertainment organizations, etc.—he is sufficiently effective. If he had not seen fit, at times, to strike a graver note, the book would have been completely successful. Unfortunately Mr. Waugh has come to regard himself as a "rebel." Not content with his onslaught on the public school system of this country, he is looking about for fresh worlds to conquer. We have several references in this book to a novel that Mr. Waugh is writing. The references have an ominous tone. There are even doubts as to whether a publisher would be safe in publishing it. We trust that these fears have no foundation, but we are concerned that Mr. Waugh should think they may be justified. The fate of this manuscript was the occasion of an interview, just

before the prisoners were released, between Mr. Waugh and the German adjutant. The German adjutant allowed it to pass, saying: "I am sure that anything you write would be quite harmless." Mr. Waugh sees the humour of such a remark being addressed to the author of "The Loom of Youth." We think he will be a better writer when he realizes that that German adjutant was a good critic.

THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS

HOPE TRUEBLOOD. By Patience Worth. (Skeffington. 6s. 9d. net.)
THE HOUSE OF COURAGE. (By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Duckworth. 7s. net.)
THE TUNNEL. By Dorothy Richardson. (Duckworth. 7s. net.)

VERY often, after reading a modern novel, the question suggests itself: Why was it written? And the answer is not always immediate. Indeed, there is no one answer; it is perhaps a little reflection on our present authors that there can be so many and of so diverse a kind. One of our famous young novelists half solves the problem for us by stating, in a foreword to his latest book, that he wrote it because he could not help himself, because he was "compelled" to—but half solves it only. For we cannot help wondering, when the book is finished and laid by, as to the nature of that mysterious compulsion. It is terrifying to think of the number of novels that are written and announced and published and to be had of all the libraries, and reviewed and bought and borrowed and read, and left in hotel lounges and omnibuses and railway carriages and deck chairs. Is it possible to believe that each one of them was once the darling offspring of some proud author,—his cherished hope in whom he lives his second richer life?

Public Opinion, garrulous, lying old nurse that she is, cries: "Yes! Great books, immortal books are being born every minute, each one more lusty than the last. Let him who is without sin among you cast the first criticism." It would be a superb, thrilling world if this were true! Or if even a very moderate number of them were anything but little puppets, little make-believes, playthings on strings with the same stare and the same sawdust filling, just unlike enough to keep the attention distracted, but all like enough to do nothing more profound. After all, in these lean years of plenty how could it be otherwise? Not even the most hardened reader, at the rate books are written and read nowadays, could stand up against so many repeated attacks upon his mind and heart, if it were. Reading, for the great majority—for the reading public—is not a passion but a pastime, and writing, for the vast number of modern authors, is a pastime and not a passion.

Miss Patience Worth's "Hope Trueblood" is almost too good an example of the pastime novel. It never for one moment touches the real world or the realm of faëry, preferring to linger in that "valley of soft springs" which lies between where every echo is a sigh, every voice a cry upon the wind, where Melodrama has his castle and Sentimentality is the weeping lady of the tower.

The story is an old one; it is the Bastard's Progress. A little child without a father is left at her mother's

death to the cruel mercies of a virtuous village. Although she has the "sunshine smile" and: "there is a bud here, I beat my heart over," she is doomed. She is the little innocent lamb branded with the sign of shame who must be sacrificed. To make this tragedy the more pitiful, Miss Worth causes her lamb to speak in a special language, a kind of theatrical *pot-pourri*, and by the time the end is reached there is not a device or an ornament left in the property-box. Even the symbolic white butterfly has flown into the air: "Up-up-up!" Added to this, Miss Worth has thrown over all a veil of mystery which never is lifted wholly. Now and again a corner flutters, but if we venture to look beneath it is dropped again—and our curiosity with it.

"Can you read this, O reader? Try! Try! for my foolish tears are flowing and I cannot see." It would require a simple soul indeed to be beguiled by such mock pearls. But we stand amazed before her publisher's announcement. However much support she may need, it is surely unfair to announce her with so extraordinary a flourish of trumpets without. This is lions' music and should be kept for their coming.

Mrs. Victor Rickard is a skilled competent writer of a very different type of book. The theme of her "House of Courage" is not new; nor is there, in her treatment of it, a variation with which we have not become familiar during the past four years. There are the opening scenes before the war, light, domestic, carefree, with the principal love interest just beginning, followed by the gathering storm, then the war itself, threatening to destroy everything, but not destroying everything, and then the afterglow, which is like the opening scene, but richer, more sober, and with the principal love interest fulfilled. To write this type of work successfully it is essential that all the characters should be of the same class—the men, well-bred, well-dressed, and "thorough sportsmen"—the women, equally well bred and dressed and the cheeriest of souls. The atmosphere must be an upper middle-class atmosphere and, even if the "sheer horror of it all" threatens to engulf them, one golden rule must be observed: they never give way. For these are not real whole people; they are aspects of people, living examples of appropriate and charming behaviour before and during the war. All this Mrs. Rickard knows and understands. From the first paragraph the story flows from her easy pen with unwavering fluency, one of those hundreds of novels which do not send you to sleep, but—do not keep you awake.

Why was it written? The question does not present itself—it is the last question one would ask after reading "The Tunnel." Miss Richardson has a passion for registering every single thing that happens in the clear, shadowless country of her mind. One cannot imagine her appealing to the reader or planning out her novel; her concern is primarily, and perhaps ultimately, with herself. "What cannot I do with this mind of mine!" one can fancy her saying. "What can I not see and remember and express!" There are times when she seems deliberately to set it a task, just for the joy of realizing again how brilliant a machine it is, and we, too, share her admiration for its power of absorbing. Anything that goes into her mind she can summon forth again, and there it is, complete in every

detail, with nothing taken away from it—and nothing added. This is a rare and interesting gift, but we should hesitate before saying it was a great one.

"The Tunnel" is the fourth volume of Miss Richardson's adventures with her soul-sister, Miriam Henderson. Like them, it is composed of bits, fragments, flashing glimpses, half scenes and whole scenes, all of them quite distinct and separate, and all of them of equal importance. There is no plot, no beginning, middle or end. Things just "happen" one after another with incredible rapidity and at break-neck speed. There is Miss Richardson, holding out her mind, as it were, and there is Life hurling objects into it as fast as she can throw. And at the appointed time Miss Richardson dives into its recesses and reproduces a certain number of these treasures,—a pair of button boots, a night in Spring, some cycling knickers, some large, round biscuits—as many as she can pack into a book, in fact. But the pace kills.

There is one who could not live in so tempestuous an environment as her mind—and he is Memory. She has no memory. It is true that Life is sometimes very swift and breathless, but not always. If we are to be truly alive there are large pauses in which we creep away into our caves of contemplation. And then it is, in the silence, that Memory mounts his throne and judges all that is in our minds—appointing each his separate place, high or low, rejecting this, selecting that—putting this one to shine in the light and throwing that one into the darkness.

We do not mean to say that those large, round biscuits might not be in the light, or the night in Spring be in the darkness. Only we feel that until these things are judged and given each its appointed place in the whole scheme, they have no meaning in the world of art.

Science

SCIENCE AND THE STATE

IT appears that, as one result of the war, Science is to receive more public recognition. Large sums of money are to be spent in furthering scientific research, and a larger place is to be reserved in public education for scientific and technical subjects. For years the leading scientific societies of the country have agitated to secure more Government support, and it would seem that their efforts have been successful. What is the reason that science, when the country was exceedingly wealthy, could obtain nothing except a few pitiful grants, and that now, when the country is burdened by gigantic debts, it can hope for endowments that run into millions? Is it an example of that famous deepening of spiritual life by the war, or is it due to other less exalted motives?

The public place held by science in any community will depend upon the relation between the values served by science and the values cherished by the community. The same holds good, of course, of any other human activity. The values so served may be accessory, that is, derivable from, but not essential to, the activity.

The degree of official support accorded to the study of the Greek and Latin literatures, for example, is a measure not of the importance attached to the wisdom and beauty contained in them, but much more of hatred of change and of snobbery. Now, it is obvious that science is to be endowed, not for its essential, but for its accessory values. That science serves the purposes of contemplation would be beside the point if it did not also serve the purposes of the manufacturer. If science merely deepened and widened man's vision of the universe it would be in no better case than philosophy or literature. But it is notorious that science can be made to serve quite other values. Science can be *applied*; in fact, applied science is, in the popular mind, identified with science. Scientific men have long vainly protested against this confusion. British Association speeches are sometimes almost pathetic in their aggrieved repudiation of the assumption involved in the eternal question—what is the use of it? But scientific men are themselves partly responsible for the confusion. In their perennial campaign for more grants they seldom dared to base their case on those values which give science its true dignity; they pointed out that science could be applied. They feel very keenly that the true function of science is not merely to increase "output," but they are very timid of presenting the true case for science. No aspirations towards "usefulness" prompt the genuine man of science to sacrifice both money and public esteem, and sometimes life itself, in the service of scientific knowledge. Science exists in virtue of the activities of such men. They are no more conscious public benefactors than are other artists: they are as selfish and at the same time impersonal as is any young poet who starves in a garret rather than enter the Civil Service. And they are probably as rare. Their claim to endowment, as purely scientific men, rests upon the same ground as that of the poet. If science were not useful to manufacturers, if it could not lead to the creation of telephony and wireless telegraphy, and if those applications of it did not help stockbrokers in transacting their business, why should science be endowed? Apart from its applications, what claim can it make that philosophy and literature cannot make? It is apparent that science, considered merely as an intellectual activity that enriches life, is one amongst many forms of intellectual activity. A state which endows science, but not philosophy or the arts, is certainly not endowing pure science. It is obvious that such money as is given for purely scientific research is given as a speculation—in the well-grounded hope that valuable practical results will justify the investment as a business proposition.

Science probably loses more than it gains by its new popularity. The general estimate will be confirmed, and the influence of big grants will deflect science more and more into the service of material wealth. Young scientific men will find more and better-paid openings than ever before. They will find that their knowledge has acquired a market value. The scientific worker will no longer be one of the worst paid in the country; his work will receive a fair price, but he will work in chains. The lame and insincere plea of the scientific man called upon to justify his activities, that his research might be useful "some day," will no longer

serve. Manufacturers naturally much prefer researches that will be useful to-morrow, if not to-day. The most we can hope is that disinterested research will remain on as high a level as it reached before the endowment of science.

Perhaps, however, the man of science was not only unpractical, but preposterous, in hoping that science might be endowed for its own sake. For what is the spiritual value of these subtle and highly elaborate scientific theories to the generality of men? Granted that the vision of the universe presented by science is enthralling, who can contemplate the vision? If it be true that poets write for other poets, it is much more true that men of science work for other men of science. Shakespeare is really appreciated by few, but they are a host compared with those who really appreciate Newton. In a democratic country the endowment of literature should certainly precede that of science, for literature is accessible to a much larger number of people. In a community which is not yet enlightened enough to endow philosophy it is unreasonable to expect mathematics to be endowed. One must abide by majorities, and, as things are at present, as effective an appeal could probably be made for chess as for mathematics. The plain man, who has to pay, has his rights in this matter. It may be that he is already sufficiently respectful to these scientific claims, for it may be they are somewhat exaggerated. The war was a good test of training, and were scientific men so much less prejudiced, less violent, less unfair than those who knew nothing of their high mysteries? To endow science for the sake of its applications is common sense; to endow science for its own sake will only appear common sense in a state of society that differs from the present in the sense that a building differs from a heap of stones.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK

- MON.** Royal Institution, 5.—General Monthly.
Aristotolian, 8.—"Value in relation to Emotion," Mr. A. F. Shand.
- TUES.** Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: the People of Wales," Lecture IV., Prof. A. Keith.
Asiatic, 4.—"Gesture in Prayer in the Religion of Babylonia and Adjacent Lands," Dr. S. Langdon.
Anthropological Institute, 5.—"Reactions of certain New Guinea Primitive People to Government Control," Lieut. E. W. P. Chinnery.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.
Zoological, 5.30.—"Three Fœtal Sperm-Whales," Dr. F. E. Beddard; "The Progressive Reduction of the Jugal in the Mammalia," Mr. L. T. Hogben; "Description of Two New Lizards and a New Frog from the Andes of Colombia," Mr. G. A. Boulenger.
Illuminating Engineering, 8.—"Lights and Colour in relation to Stage Production," Mr. J. B. Fagan.
- WED.** Geological, 5.30.
- THURS.** Royal Institution, 3.—"Colloidal Matter and its Properties," Lecture II., Prof. A. Findlay.
Society of Antiquaries.—"The Dolmens of Spain and Portugal," Mr. E. Thurlow Leeds.
- FRI.** Astronomical, 5.
Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Piezo Electricity and its Applications," Prof. Sir J. J. Thomson.
- SAT.** Royal Institution, 3.—"Spectrum Analysis and its Application to Atomic Structure," Lecture VI., Prof. Sir J. J. Thomson.

Fine Arts

TRADITION AND MOVEMENTS

MUCH to its embarrassment, the National Gallery finds itself possessed of that superb picture, "Les Parapluies"; and as the Director at last feels obliged to exhume those masterpieces which, for so many happy months, he and his colleagues have had, albeit in the dark, to themselves, we can now see Renoir amongst his peers. He is perfectly at home there. Renoir takes his place quite simply in the great tradition; and when Cézanne, who is still too cheap to be within the reach of a national collection, has attained a price that guarantees respectability, he, too, will be seen to fit neatly into that tradition of which he is as much a part as Ingres or Poussin, Raphael or Piero della Francesca.

That Cézanne was a master, just as Poussin and Piero were, and that he, like them, is part of the tradition, is what all sensitive people know and the wiser keep to themselves. For, by stating the plain fact that Renoir, Cézanne, and, for that matter, Matisse are all in the great tradition of painting, one seems to suggest that the tradition is something altogether different from what most people would wish it to be. If one is right, it follows that it is not simply the counter-movement to the contemporary movement; indeed, it follows that it is not a movement at all. This is intolerable. An artist, seen as the protagonist of a movement, the exponent of a theory and the clue to an age, has a certain interest for all active-minded people; whereas, seen merely as an artist, which is how he must be seen if he is to be seen in the tradition, he is of interest only to those who really care for art. The significant characteristics of an artist, considered as the representative of a movement, are those in which he differs most from other artists; set him in the tradition, and his one important characteristic is the one he shares with all the rest—his being an artist. In the tradition a work of art loses its value as a means. We must contemplate it as an end—as a direct means to æsthetic emotion rather—or let it be. Tradition, in fact, has to do with art alone; while with movements can be mixed up history, archæology, philosophy, politics, geography, fashions, religion and crime. So, by insisting on the fact that Matisse, Cézanne, Poussin, Piero and Giotto are all in the tradition we insist on the fact that they all are artists. We rob them of their amusing but adscititious qualities; we make them utterly uninteresting to precisely 99.99 per cent. of our fellow-creatures; and ourselves we make unpopular.

The tradition of art begins with the first artist that ever lived, and will end with the last. Always it is being enriched or modified—never is it exhausted. The earliest artists are driven to creation by an irresistible desire to express themselves. Their over-bubbling minds supply abundance of matter; difficulties begin when they try to express it. Then it is they find themselves confronted by those terrible limitations of the human mind, and by other limitations, only less terrible, imposed by the medium in which they work. Every genuine artist, every artist, that is, with something of his own to say, is faced afresh by the problem and must solve it for himself. Never-

theless, each one who succeeds in creating an appropriate form for his peculiar experience leaves in that form a record, and from the sum of these records is deduced something, less definite far than a code, by no means a pattern or recipe, which is yet a sign and a source of half-conscious suggestion to those that follow. No artist can escape the tradition of art except by refusing to grapple with the problem; which is how most do escape it. The academic humbug uses the old language to say nothing, the bombastic charlatan devises a new one for the same purpose; but once a man has something to express and the passion to express it, he will find himself attacking the eternal problem and leaning on the inevitable tradition. Let any one who doubts this mention quickly the name of some artist who owes nothing to his predecessors.

Often, however, owing either to some change in circumstances or to his innate peculiarity, a man of uncommon force and imagination will find himself with something to say for which the traditional instrument is, or at first seems to be, inadequate. What shall he do? Why, what Giotto did, what Masaccio did, what Ronsard and the poets of the *Pléiade* did, what Wordsworth did, and what Cézanne has done. All these great artists struck new veins, and to work them were obliged to overhaul the tool-chest. Of the traditional instruments some they reshaped and resharpened, some they twisted out of recognition, a few they discarded, many they retained. Above all, they travelled back along the tradition, tapping it and drawing inspiration from it, nearer to its source. Very rarely does the pioneer himself work out his seam: he leaves it to successors along with his technical discoveries. These they develop, themselves making experiments as they go forward, till of the heritage to which they succeeded they have left nothing—nothing but a fashion to be flouted by the next great original genius who shall arise. Such is the shape of a movement. A master, whose sole business it is to express himself, finds it incidentally, just as incidentally he enriches the tradition from which he borrows; successors exploit it; pious great-grand-nephews mummify and adore it. Movements are nothing but the stuff of which tradition is made. At any given moment tradition ends in the contemporary movement; the capital works of any age are almost sure to be capital examples of that movement; but a hundred years later, when these are clear-set in the tradition, the movement will have become dust and ashes—the daily bread of historians and archæologists.

Though lecturers still hold up the Renaissance as an example of the happy and stagnant state of the arts in a golden age when rebels were unknown, their pupils are aware that Giotto, the father of Renaissance painting, broke with the *maniera greca* at least as sharply as Cézanne did with the nineteenth-century convention; that in the art of the fifteenth century we have a revolt against Giottoesque which must grievously have wounded many pious souls; and that Raphael himself stood, in his day, for a new movement. But distance gives a sense of proportion. We see the art of the Italian Renaissance whole, growing out of Byzantine and into French. The continuity is patent; and, what is much to my purpose, it is Giotto and his successors rather than the artists of the Paleologi

who seem to us to carry on the Byzantine tradition, while the heirs of the Renaissance are not Salvator Rosa and Carlo Dolci, but Claude and Poussin. The great artists stand out and join hands: the contests that clashed around them, the little men that aped them, the littler that abused, have fallen into one ruin. The odd thing is that, as often as not, the big men themselves have believed that it was the tradition, and not the stupid insensibility of their fellows, that thwarted them. They have made the mistake their enemies made infallibly; they have taken a dead movement for a live tradition. For movements die; that is one of the respects in which they differ most significantly from the tradition. The movement is a vein which is worked out; the tradition a live thing that changes, grows and persists. The artist with a new vision comes on the tradition at its near end, and finds its implements lying in a heap mixed with the fashions of the moribund movement. He chooses; he changes; what happens next will depend a good deal on the state of public opinion. Should the artist have the luck to be born in a sensitive age and an intelligent country, his innovations may be accepted without undue hubbub. In that case he will realize that artists can no more dispense with the tradition than tradition can exist without artists, and will probably come to feel an almost exaggerated reverence for the monuments of the past. But, should the public be dull and brutish, and, hardening the dust of dead movements into what it is pleased to call "tradition," pelted with that word the thing which above all others is to dull brutes disquieting—I mean passionate conviction—the artist, finding himself assailed in the name of tradition, will probably reply, "Damn the tradition." He will protest. And, for an artist, to become a protestant is even worse than using bad language.

Only in France, so far as I know, are the men who are working out the heritage of Cézanne allowed to be artists and expected to be nothing more. Elsewhere, the public by its uncritical attitude seems to encourage them to pose as supermen or to become rebels. Assuredly I am not advocating that slightly fatuous open-mindedness which led the Germans to seize on the movement before it was well grown, and deal with it as they have dealt with so many others, collecting its artists as though they were beetles, bottling them, setting them, cataloguing them, making no mistake about them, and arranging them neatly in museums for the dust to settle on. Organized alertness of that sort is only less depressing than the smartness of those Italians who pounced so promptly on the journalistic possibilities of the movement as a means of self-advertisement. All I ask for in the public is a little more intelligence and sensibility, and a more critical attitude. Surely, by now, it should be impossible to hear what I heard only the other day—Mr. Charles Shannon being extolled, to humiliate some enterprising student, as a "traditional artist." Why, it would be as sensible to call the man who makes nest-eggs a traditional Buff Orpington. And ought it still to be possible for a cultivated dealer, because I had refused to admire a stale old crust by some young New English painter, who, to be in the movement, had misshaped a few conventionally drawn objects and put black lines round others—for a dealer, I say,

who dabbles in culture, to exclaim indignantly, as one did to me not long ago, "I can't think why you don't like it; it's post-impressionist, isn't it?"

If we cannot lose this habit of calling artists names, at least let us know exactly what we mean by them. By associating artists with movements and counter-movements we encourage the superstition that in art there is some important distinction besides the distinction between good art and bad. There is not. Such distinctions as can be drawn between the genuine artists of one age and another, between traditional artists and eccentrics, though serviceable to historians and archæologists, are pitfalls for critics and amateurs. To him who can help us better to appreciate works of art let us be duly grateful: to him who, from their extraneous qualities, can deduce amusing theories or pleasant fancies we will listen when we have time; but to him who would persuade us that their value can in any way depend on some non-æsthetic quality we must be positively rude. Now, if we are to get rid of those misleading labels from which works of art are supposed to derive a value over and above their æsthetic value, the first to go should be those arch-deceivers, "traditional" and "revolutionary." Let us understand that tradition is nothing but the essence, congealed and preserved for us by the masters in their works, of innumerable movements; and that movements are mere phases of the tradition, from which they spring and in which they are swallowed up. We shall then be armed, on the one hand, against the solemn bore who requires us to admire his imitation of an old master because it is in the tradition; on the other, against the portentous "Ist," whose parthenogenetic masterpiece we are not in a state to relish till we have sucked down the pseudo-philosophic bolus that embodies his eponymous "Ism." To each we shall make the same reply: "Be so good as to remove your irrelevant label and we will endeavour to judge your work on its merits."

CLIVE BELL.

Music

THE RESURRECTION OF MUSIC

EVEN among musicians there have been some who expected that the war would reform the world. Their world in particular; though what especial branch of music they hoped to see reformed I cannot think. It remains quite clear that, whatever else the war may have reformed, it has certainly not reformed music. It has driven away the German performers and teachers; but this has really made very little difference to the artistic life of the country as a whole. It is a much more serious matter that the war has deprived us of the German music-copyists and music-engravers, who were exceptionally accurate and intelligent workmen and have not by any means been fully replaced by native labour. Has the war driven out German music? Except for Strauss and Schönberg, German music holds very much the same place in the life of this country as it did in 1914.

Brahms has, perhaps, suffered a slight eclipse, but Wagner and the older classics still maintain their ground. For it is just that generation which has been loudest in its vituperation of our enemies that has remained most constant to the music in which it was brought up. That generation hated Strauss and Schönberg from the very first time that it heard them, because they were modern; and it has been only too delighted to find a political justification for its hatred.

It is not the war that has made us all more interested in the resurrection of English music. It is probably much more true that the folk-song movement, the revival of interest in the Elizabethan composers and in Purcell, and the rapid development of the young English school of composers—all of which were flourishing long before the war—were contributory causes to those states of mind of which they have been more often held to be the effects. There were plenty of young musicians in the first half of 1914 who never gave a thought to foreign politics, but who adored contemporary French and Russian music, and were sick to death of the music of Germany. The reaction against German music was not political, hardly even sentimental, but largely technical. Modern music was tending in the direction of plain song, of folk-song, of Oriental melody—that is, it was tending in the direction of free rhythms; and free rhythms are incompatible with that whole system of harmony on which the Italian music of the eighteenth century and the German music of the nineteenth were based.

But these are mere diversions of the over-cultured classes. The war was to rescue Music from the stuffy atmosphere of theatres and concert-halls and take her out into God's own fresh air. Yet the great heart of the people still remains loyal to its sentimental ballads and its sentimental hymns. Not even rag-times, not even the Jazz bands, have saved us, though when rag-time first came into prominence it was hailed in a leading daily paper, and by one of our most distinguished composers, as a wonderful inspiration of new and natural health and vigour.

It is equally fatuous to suppose that the war would bring forth isolated compositions of outstanding greatness. In the first place, those of our composers who were still in the prime of life were for the most part absorbed into the war itself. Few except the old had the leisure to compose music; and though the old may have been perfectly genuine as to the sincerity of their artistic experiences, it has been abundantly clear in other walks of life that the old men were utterly incapable, in practically all cases, of expressing the feelings of the younger generation. Besides, it was not only the young composers who were swept into the war, but all the young, both men and women: all those who went to concerts and operas, all those who talked, discussed, criticized, and kept the new movements alive and vigorous. Under the stress of war people had little time and little inclination to listen to music. They wanted either mere frivolities to distract them from thinking, or those old favourite classics which required of them no conscious effort of thought. New music was only with difficulty obtainable

good players became scarce; rehearsals more and more expensive. Music drifted inevitably into the easiest and most well-worn ruts.

And in the well-worn ruts we seem still to be remaining, although music is well on the way to return to the normal life. The programmes that lie before me contain hardly anything that is new. They might almost all have been arranged before the war—ten years before the war. The Beecham Opera has just started, with the old *répertoire* which we have seen before. After two months, Covent Garden reopens with the old *répertoire* of pre-war days, except for the German operas. We shall doubtless all go there with happy recollections of the good old times, and there will be a younger generation coming along to whom the great names of 1914 are as thrillingly remote as those of Grisi and Mario might be. But it does not look as if the war was going to have a lasting influence on the music of England, except in so far as economic difficulties cause us to obtain less of it.

Will the music-lovers of the provinces save the situation? There is a real hope that the economic difficulty may be a positive influence for good in provincial music. It may succeed in ridding us of the provincial festival—I mean the festival on the grand scale, with orchestras, conductors, soloists, and to a large extent audiences, imported from London. Would that the economic difficulty might destroy with it the official music, made by the official composers, to celebrate the War, the Victory, the Peace, the League of Nations, etc.—leading articles from *The Times* or *The Daily Mail* set for chorus and orchestra! The musicians who have actually taken part in the war have little sympathy, as far as I can gather, with those of their colleagues who have made "copy" out of it. Nor does it seem likely that they themselves, when they have artistically digested their new experiences, will want to write "war-music."

If the provinces are to reconstruct music in this country, they must concentrate on the development of local resources. It is the competition festival of small choirs in small centres that will do the real pioneer work. And another activity which ought to be encouraged is the development of local opera, acted by local people, and produced entirely, like the "pageants" of a few years back, by the co-operation of local talent in all branches. It is certainly good for us that we should have opportunities of hearing music performed by the most accomplished artists, in order that we may keep before us the ideal of a high standard; but this will avail us little unless we encourage people to take part in music themselves, and feel that they too, even the humblest, can be in their own way creators, contributing to the active, rather than the receptive, life of the community.

And yet I wonder, looking back on the past history of music, what the musical historians of the next century will say of the period through which we are passing. War begets poverty, and very poor music as a rule. There is not much to choose between the "Battle of Vittoria" and the "Battle of Prague." The world has known many wars; but on music—thank goodness—they have left no mark. "Judas Maccabæus" and the "Eroica" Symphony are

almost the only musical works of real greatness which had a political origin. The best thing that the musicians can do in connexion with our own war is to help us to efface it utterly from our memories.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Drama

M. CLAUDEL AND THE PIONEER PLAYERS

ALARMED by M. Claudel's reputation, I feel strongly tempted to load upon the heads of Miss Edith Craig and the Pioneer Players the whole responsibility for the melancholy results of their recent performance of "L'Otage." That the afternoon was one of almost unrelieved tedium will hardly be denied, except by a few benevolent critics who think it their duty to foster the flickering spark from which shall spring a regenerate English stage. But if this is to be the breed of our phoenix, we had better strangle it at birth. Not that the spectator's boredom is in itself a valid ground for condemning a play. We may be bored—perhaps we *must* be bored—by many works of genius in the grand style, on account of their complexity, sometimes, or of their subtlety, or of their novelty, or even of their very grandeur. Such heroic dullness may make the critic "gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die." But the dullness of "L'Otage" was of a hollower and happier sort. There could be no vestige of a suspicion in the mind that one might be a mouse looking at the Eiffel Tower or an elephant inspecting a spirogyra. No microscope, no telescope, one felt, would ever fill up the yawning gulfs in those three hours. There was nothing to do but sit and wish it were all over.

Is M. Claudel really innocent of this unfortunate state of affairs? Would it have been averted by a better performance? I confess that I can hardly believe it; and, whatever may be the literary merits of "L'Otage," I cannot easily recall a piece of writing in dramatic form that is a less suitable basis for that complicated system of sounds and movements which is presented as "a play" to the audience in a theatre. This unsuitability may, I think, be traced back to a fundamental antagonism between its form and its matter. M. Claudel has taken for his theme the supreme authority of the Church over the lives of its members, and their duty of sacrificing without question their most precious possessions to its most trivial needs. Evidently a play might be written round this subject in a variety of ways; M. Claudel has chosen the way of illustration. He has taken a number of definite individuals living in the year 1812 at Coufontaine in the Department of the Marne. He shows how, in order to get the Pope out of an awkward position, a young lady of Merovingian ancestry is juggled and hypnotized by her father confessor into throwing over the Vicomte, her cousin, whom she loves, and into marrying Turelure, a member of the lower classes and a Baron de l'Empire, whom she detests. He then traces the disastrous results of her action, and leaves the moral to point itself. Treated

on these lines, the subject might obviously be made into a most successful play—though one would have supposed it sketched in the spirit rather of Euripides than of M. Claudel. But however that may be, the essence of the play, if it was to follow this design, must necessarily be psychological, and to that extent realistic. This does not, of course, in the least imply any incompatibility with poetic or symbolic treatment: it is not difficult to imagine some such story serving as the plot of a Racine tragedy or of a play in Ibsen's latest manner. All that seems necessary is that the form adopted, whatever else it may be, should be capable of presenting characters with solidity and life, so that the conflicts—internal and external—which must be the mainspring of the play, may also be solid and living. Now *vers libre*, which is the actual medium employed by M. Claudel, appears to be inherently unfitted for satisfying this condition. Its carefully purified beauties, its mild rhapsodies, with their respectable and remote echo of the Prophets, are a positive obstacle to any attempt at dramatic psychology; and the unexplained figures of the play move with muffled edges through uninteresting crises. And, on the other hand, M. Claudel's poetry, which might perhaps have pulled off with success a play built of more friendly material, is clogged at every turn by the need for tiresome dialectical arguments, for the firing of blunderbusses, and for the frankly knock-about appearance on the stage of King Louis XVIII at the end of the last act. The effort to dress the wolf in sheep's clothing has ended by laming the wolf and tearing the sheepskin.

The production of so amorphous and lifeless a play would be difficult even with the most highly trained and closely co-ordinated body of actors, and would scarcely deserve the trouble spent on it. The Pioneer Players, with their scratch company and limited rehearsals, added to its original defects a large number of new ones. It is an astonishing thing that a society which devotes itself to the encouragement of modern drama, and which prides itself, I understand (though there was little sign of the fact in this play), on its modern ideas of stage decoration, should apparently never have grasped the vital necessity for reforming the technique of its actors. The art of serious acting in England is at a Royal Academy level. Some years ago Mr. Granville Barker succeeded in screwing it for realistic plays up to the German, but by no means up to the Russian standard; even he could make nothing of non-realistic plays, and he created no school or tradition, so that on his disappearance everything reverted to its former state. The acting of the parts of the hero and the villain in "L'Otage" was a complete example of the academic method. We are all so much accustomed to it that as a rule it seems the most inevitable, if not the most natural, thing in the world. But there comes an occasional flash in which we see the system in all its frantic *bizarrierie*. Who, we wonder to ourselves, invented it? Did Garrick act like that? And Burbage? Are they taught how to do it in schools? Or do they do it by nature? Is it rooted in the breasts of actors only? Or do we all of us, in some unconscious corner of our minds, behave and talk like that? Certainly odd echoes æsm to be roused in us as we listen and watch. We

seem to know instinctively beforehand each demoniac crescendo, each curate-like cadence, each crazy rhythm, the slow syllables (so slow that our minds cannot build them into words) alternating with fast ones (as fast as shots from an automatic pistol). But most of all we observe with amazed familiarity the extraordinary emotions which the actor expresses. They are foreign not merely to the character he represents, but to humanity itself; yet his technical equipment appears to include an indefinite number of them, and he passes continually from one to the other with complete sangfroid. Miss Edith Craig seems to have made no attempt to cope with such acting, and had even supported it by a production as full of stage tricks as the acting itself. In particular, she imposed on the critical moments of the play that incredible slowness of action which is supposed to heighten the "effect," but which in reality drives the audience almost to despair.

After a brilliant performance of the play I might have wished that it had been possible to use the original text instead of a translation. Actually, the question hardly arose: M. Claudel's own words would not have helped the actors in the least. And indeed until the problem of the actors is attacked not even a beginning can be made with the serious performance of serious plays. No doubt some kind of convention is required for acting non-realistic plays, and to create it will not be easy. Are we to aim in the new convention at the widest possible departure from reality? Is the actor to abandon any idea of "expressing" his thoughts and feelings? and to endeavour instead to convey them to his audience by sounds and movements that are symbolic or in the strictest sense conventional? Is he to become a dancer rather than an actor? Or are we to content ourselves with basing our new convention on realism? with seizing the typical and the essential moments of real emotions and actions and building up our system from them? It is only by long experiment that these questions can be answered, and that a new style and tradition can be formed. But in the meantime we can devote ourselves to the destruction of the old.

J.S.

Foreign Literature

THE WISDOM OF ANATOLE FRANCE

LE PETIT PIERRE. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
4fr. 75c.

HOW few are the wise writers who remain to us? They are so few that it seems, at moments, that wisdom, like justice of old, is withdrawing from the world, and that when their fullness of years is accomplished, as, alas! it soon must be, the wise men who will leave us will have been the last of their kind. It is true that something akin to wisdom, or rather a quality whose outward resemblance to wisdom can deceive all but the elect, will emerge from the ruins of war; but true wisdom is not created out

of the catastrophic shock of disillusionment. An unexpected disaster is always held to be in some sort undeserved. Yet the impulse to rail at destiny, be it never so human, is not wise. Wisdom is not bitter; at worst it is bitter-sweet, and bitter-sweet is the most subtle and lingering savour of all.

Let us not say, in our haste, that without wisdom we are lost. Wisdom is, after all, but one attitude to life among many. It happens to be the one which will stand the hardest wear, because it is prepared for all ill-usage. But hard wear is not the only purpose which an attitude may serve. We may demand of an attitude that it should enable us to exact the utmost from ourselves. To refuse to accommodate oneself to the angularities of life or to make provision beforehand for its catastrophes is, indeed, folly; but it may be a divine folly. It is, at all events, a folly to which poets incline. But poets are not wise; indeed, the poetry of true wisdom is a creation which can, at the best, be but dimly imagined. Perhaps, of them all, Lucretius had the largest inkling of what such poetry might be; but he disqualified himself by an aptitude for ecstasy, which made his poetry superb and his wisdom of no account. To acquiesce is wise; to be ecstatic in acquiescence is not to have acquiesced at all. It is to have identified oneself with an imagined power against whose manifestations, in those moments when no ecstasy remains, one rebels. It is a megalomania, a sublime self-deception, a heroic attempt to project the soul on to the side of destiny, and to believe ourselves the masters of those very powers which have overwhelmed us.

Whether the present generation will produce great poetry, we do not know. We are tolerably certain that it will not produce wise men. It is too conscious of defeat and too embittered to be wise. Some may seek that ecstasy of seeming acquiescence of which we have spoken; others, who do not endeavour to escape the pain by plunging the barb deeper, may try to shake the dust of life from off their feet. Neither will be wise. But precisely because they are not wise, they will seek the company of wise men. Their own attitude will not wear. The ecstasy will fail, the will to renunciation falter; the grey reality which permits no one to escape it altogether will filter like a mist into the vision and the cell. Then they will turn to the wise men. They will find comfort in the smile to which they could not frame their own lips, and discover in it more sympathy than they could hope for.

Among the wise men whom they will surely most frequent will be Anatole France. His company is constant; his attitude durable. There is no undertone of anguish in his work like that which gives such poignant and haunting beauty to Tchekov. He has never suffered himself to be so involved in life as to be maimed by it. But the price he has paid for his safety has been a renunciation of experience. Only by being involved in life, perhaps only by being maimed by it, could he have gained that bitterness of knowledge which is the enemy of wisdom. Not that Anatole France made a deliberate renunciation: no man of his humanity would of his own will turn aside. It was instinct which guided him into a sequestered path, which ran equably by the side of the road of alternate exaltation and catastrophe which other men of equal

genius must travel. Therefore he has seen men as it were in profile against the sky, but never face to face. Their runnings, their stumblings and their gesticulations are a tumultuous portion of the landscape rather than symbols of an intimate and personal possibility. They lend a baroque enchantment to the scene.

So it is that in all the characters of Anatole France's work which are not closely modelled upon his own idiosyncrasy there is something of the marionette. They are not the less charming for that; nor do they lack a certain logic, but it is not the logic of personality. They are embodied comments upon life, but they do not live. And there is for Anatole France, while he creates them, and for us, while we read about them, no reason why they should live. For living, in the accepted sense, is an activity impossible without indulging many illusions; and fervently to sympathize with characters engaged in the activity demands that their author should participate in the illusions. He, too, must be surprised at the disaster which he has himself proved inevitable. It is not enough that he should pity them; he must share in their effort, and be discomfited at their discomfiture.

Such exercises of the soul are impossible to a real acquiescence, which cannot even permit itself the inspiration of the final illusion that the wreck of human hopes, being ordained, is beautiful. The man who acquiesces is condemned to stand apart and contemplate a puppet-show with which he can never really sympathize.

De toutes les définitions de l'homme la plus mauvaise me paraît celle qui en fait un animal raisonnable. Je ne me vante pas excessivement en me donnant pour doué de plus de raison que la plupart de ceux de mes semblables que j'ai vus de près ou dont j'ai connu l'histoire. La raison habite rarement les âmes communes, et bien plus rarement encore les grands esprits. J'appelle raisonnable celui qui accorde sa raison particulière avec la raison universelle, de manière à n'être jamais trop surpris de ce qui arrive et à s'y accommoder tant bien que mal; j'appelle raisonnable celui qui, observant le désordre de la nature et la folie humaine, ne s'obstine point à y voir de l'ordre et de la sagesse; j'appelle raisonnable enfin celui qui ne s'efforce pas de l'être.

The chasm between living and being wise (which is to be *raisonnable*) is manifest. The condition of living is to be perpetually surprised, incessantly indignant or exultant, at what happens. To bridge the chasm there is for the wise man only one way. He must cast back in his memory to the time when he, too, was surprised and indignant. No man is, after all, born wise, though he may be born with an instinct for wisdom. Thus Anatole France touches us most nearly when he describes his childhood. The innocent, wayward, positive, romantic little Pierre Nozière is a human being to a degree to which no other figures in the master's comedy of unreason are. And it is evident that Anatole France himself finds him by far the most attractive of them all. He can almost persuade himself, at moments, that he still is the child he was, as in the exquisite story of how, when he had been to a truly royal chocolate shop, he attempted to reproduce its splendours in play. At one point his invention and his memory failed him, and he turned to his mother to ask: "Est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète qui donne de l'argent?"

Je ne devais jamais connaître le prix de l'argent. Tel j'étais à trois ans ou trois ans et demi dans le cabinet tapissé de boutons de roses, tel je restai jusqu'à la vieillesse, qui m'est légère, comme elle

l'est à toutes les âmes exemptes d'avarice et d'orgueil. Non, maman, je n'ai jamais connu le prix de l'argent. Je ne le connais pas encore, ou plutôt je le connais trop bien.

To know a thing too well is by worlds removed from not to know it at all, and Anatole France does not elsewhere similarly attempt to indulge the illusion of unbroken innocence. He who refused to put a mark of interrogation after "What is God," in defiance of his mother, because he knew, now has to restrain himself from putting one after everything he writes or thinks. "Ma pauvre mère, si elle vivait, me dirait peut-être que maintenant j'en mets trop." Yes, Anatole France is wise, and far removed from childish follies. And, perhaps, it is precisely because of his wisdom that he can so exactly discern the enchantment of his childhood. So few men grow up. The majority remain hobbled throughout life; all the disabilities and none of the unique capacities of childhood remain. There are a few who, in spite of all experience, retain both; they are the poets and the *grands esprits*. There are fewer still who learn utterly to renounce childish things; and they are the wise men.

Je suis une autre personne que l'enfant dont je parle. Nous n'avons plus en commun, lui et moi, un atome de substance ni de pensée. Maintenant qu'il m'est devenu tout à fait étranger, je puis en sa compagnie me distraire de la mienne. Je l'aime, moi qui ne m'aime ni ne me hais. Il m'est doux de vivre en pensée les jours qu'il vivait et je souffre de respirer l'air du temps où nous sommes.

Not otherwise is it with us and Anatole France. We may have little in common with his thought—the community we often imagine comes of self-deception—but it is sweet for us to inhabit his mind for a while. His touch is potent to soothe our fitful fevers.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Biographical Note.—Anton Tchegov was born in 1860 in Taganrog. He completed his studies at the local "gymnasium" in 1879, and in the same year he became a student of medicine at the Moscow University. In 1884 he took his doctor's degree.

He began writing in humorous periodicals in 1879. In 1888 he was awarded the Poushkin literary prize. In addition to his constant writing he practised medicine for a short time; he had a hard struggle to live, since his family was dependent on him.

In 1894 his lungs began to trouble him seriously; in 1897 it became clear that he suffered from consumption. In 1901 he married Mlle. Knipper, a gifted actress of the Moscow Art Theatre.

On July 2, 1904, Tchegov died of consumption at Badenweiler in the Black Forest.

TO D. V. GRIGOROVITCH.

Moscow, March 28, 1886.

Your letter, my ardently loved bringer of good tidings, has struck me like a flash of lightning. I was so greatly agitated, I nearly cried, and I feel now that it has left a deep mark on my soul. May God comfort you in your old age for your loving care for me in my youth. As for me, I can find neither words nor deeds with which to thank you. You know in what a light distinguished men like yourself are regarded by ordinary people. You can judge, therefore, how your letter raises my *amour-propre*. It is higher than any honour, and for a writer who is beginning, it is his present and his future reward. I feel as if I were

drunk. Whether I have deserved this high reward or not, it is not within my power to judge. I can repeat only that I am overcome.

If I have a gift which I ought to respect, then, confronted by the purity of your heart, I confess that I have not respected it up till now. I felt that I had it, but I have grown accustomed to consider it insignificant. There are causes enough of a purely external kind in one's organism to make one unjust to oneself, diffident and suspicious. And of such causes, now I think of them, I have enough. All those dear to me looked condescendingly upon me as an author, and persistently advised me in a friendly way not to give up my real work for scribbling. I have hundreds of acquaintances in Moscow, a score of writing fellows among them, and I cannot think of one who would read my work or see in me an artist. There is a so-called literary circle in Moscow: men of talent and mediocrities of all ages and complexions meet once a week in a private room of a restaurant and there give rein to their tongues. If I went there and read even a fragment of your letter they would laugh in my face. In the five years of my meandering through the newspapers I have succeeded in identifying myself with the general opinion of my literary insignificance. I soon grew accustomed to take an indulgent view of my work and—I let myself go. This is one reason. The second is that I am a doctor, and I have got entangled ear-deep in my medicine, so that the saying about the two stools has troubled no man's peace of mind more than mine.

I am writing all this to you only that I may acquit myself of a great sin. Until now I have taken my literary work extremely lightly, carelessly, at random. I do not remember a single story at which I worked more than a day, and "The Hunter," which you liked, I wrote in a bathing tent. I wrote my stories as reporters write their notes about fires—mechanically, half unconsciously, without caring a bit either for the reader or for myself. In my writing I tried in every way not to waste on a story the visions and the scenes which are dear to me, and which, God knows why, I guarded and jealously hid.

What first put me on the track of self-criticism was a very kind, and as far as I know sincere letter from Souvorin. I began making up my mind to write some "good stuff," but still I had no faith in my own literary "good stuffiness."

And then, unexpectedly, out of the blue, came your letter. Forgive me the comparison, but it affected me like an order from the Governor to leave the town in twenty-four hours. I felt suddenly the pressing need to hurry—to escape from the rut in which I am stuck.

I agree with you completely. I realized the "cynicism" which you point out when I saw "The Witch" in print. Had I written that story not in one but in three or four days, it would not have been there. I am freeing myself from binding work for the newspapers, but this can't happen all at once. It is not possible to get quite out of the rut in which I am stuck. Personally, I have no objection to starving, I have done it before, but it is not only a question of myself. I give my leisure time to writing—two or three hours during the day and a bit of the night; that is to say, time only for small things. In the

summer, when I have more leisure and living expenses are less, I shall attempt something serious.

It is impossible now to put my name on the book,* as it is too late; the title-page is ready and the book printed. Many people in Petersburg, before you, advised me not to spoil the book by a *nom de plume*, but I did not listen to them—from conceit, probably. I do not like my little book at all. It is a made-up dish, a chaotic jumble from my undergraduate days, and little things, plucked of their feathers by the censorship as well as by the editors of humorous papers. I believe many people will be disappointed. If I had known that people read me and that you are watching, I never would have published that book.

All my hope lies in the future. I am only twenty-six. Perhaps I may still succeed in doing something, although time runs swiftly by. Forgive my long letter, and do not count it a crime in a man who for the first time in his life dares to indulge himself in the delight of a letter to Grigorovitch.

If you can, send me your photograph. You have been so kind to me and excited me so much that I feel I could write you whole reams instead of a single sheet.

God grant you health and happiness, and believe in the sincerity of your deeply respectful and grateful

ANTON TCHEHOV.

[Gregorovitch's letter to Tchegov contained these words:

You possess a real talent, a talent which places you far above the set of young writers of the new generation. I am over sixty-five, but I still preserve so much love for literature, I watch her success with such ardour, and am always so delighted when I find in her something living and gifted, that, as you see, I could not restrain myself from holding out my hands to you. If you happen to be in Petersburg, I hope to see you and embrace you in the flesh as I do now in spirit A talent is a rare gift, one must respect it. Husband your impressions for considered, finished work—work not finished at a sitting. Your reward will be immediate, and you will at once be recognized by those who know and then by all the reading public.]

TO V. G. KOROLENKO.

Moscow, October 17, 1887.

I greatly thank you, esteemed Vladimir Galaktionovitch, for your book, which I have received and am now re-reading. As you have my books I am forced to confine myself to sending you my thanks only.

That my letter should not be altogether brief, I will tell you I am extremely glad to have made your acquaintance. From my heart and sincerely I tell you this. First, I deeply appreciate and love your talent; it is dear to me for many reasons. Secondly, it seems to me that if you and I live another ten or twenty years in this world we shall not fail to find that in the future our ideas cross. Among all Russians who are writing away at the present day I am the most light-minded and least serious. But I have been warned; poetically speaking—I love my pure Muse, but I have not respected her; I have betrayed her more than once and taken her to places where she ought not to have been.

And you are serious and sound and true. As you see, the difference between us is great, but nevertheless, having read your book and now having made your

acquaintance I do not think we are alien to each other. Whether I am right or not I do not know, but it pleases me to think so.

I am sending you a cutting from the *Novoye Vremya*. Thoreau, whom you will get to know from it, I shall cut out and keep for you. The first chapter promises a great deal; there are ideas, there is freshness and originality, but it is hard to read. The architecture and composition are impossible. Ideas beautiful and ugly, light and heavy, are piled on top of each other, crowded together, squeezing the juice out of each other, and you feel at any moment that the pressure may make them squeal . . .

TO HIS BROTHER ALEXANDER ABOUT HIS PLAY
"IVANOV."

October, 1887.

I wrote the play quite by chance after a talk with Korsh. I went to bed, thought out a theme, and wrote it down. I spent a fortnight on it, or rather ten days, for there were days in the fortnight when I did not work or wrote something else. Of the merits of the play I cannot judge. It turned out suspiciously short. Everybody liked it. Korsh did not find one mistake or one error from the point of view of the stage; that proves how kind and hyper-considerate my judges are. Mistakes are inevitable in one's first play!

The subject is complicated and not silly. Each act I finish like a story; the act as a whole I make go quietly and peacefully, and at the end I smack the spectator in the face. All my energies went into a few really strong, bright passages, but the bridges which connect these are insignificant, dull and commonplace. Still I am pleased. However bad the piece may be, I have created a type which has a literary value. I have created a part which only an actor of talent like Davidov would undertake to play—a role in which an actor can display himself and show his gifts.

FROM A LETTER TO PLESHTCHEYEV.

[? date.]

I am afraid of those who look between the lines for "tendencies" and who want to find in me, for certain, a liberal or a conservative. I am neither a liberal nor a conservative nor a gradualist nor a monk nor an indifferentist. My desire would be to be a free artist and nothing more and I regret that God has not given me that power. I hate falsehood and violence in all their forms; and secretaries of the Divorce and Probate Court and men like Notovitch and Gradovsky are equally disgusting to me. Pharisaism, stupidity and arbitrary ways do not reign only in shopkeepers' houses and in prisons. I detect them in science and literature and among the new generation. Therefore I nourish no particular partiality for gendarmes or butchers or professors or authors or the new generation. A trademark—a label—I consider a prejudice. My Holy of Holies is the human body, health, mind, talent, inspiration, love and the most absolute freedom: freedom from force and falsehood in whatever form these two may be manifested. Were I a great artist this would be the programme to which I would adhere.

* This refers to Tchegov's first book: "Mixed Stories."

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

A dagger before an author's name indicates a cheap edition. The necessity of economizing space compels us to omit comments on a certain number of books, and to abridge occasionally the bibliographical descriptions.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Delacroix (Henri). LA PSYCHOLOGIE DE STENDHAL (*Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*). Paris, Alcan, 1918. 9 in. 288 pp. bib., 8 fr. 25. 150

The author studies more especially the theories of Stendhal in relation to love and art, and discusses his place in the history of French psychology in the nineteenth century. The interaction of Stendhal's theories and literary work is also dealt with.

Slesser (Henry H.). THE NATURE OF BEING: an essay in ontology. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 224 pp. ind., 10/6 n. 111

"If philosophy be defined as the appropriate 'naming' of reality, words, which are the material of nomenclature, become of cardinal importance." Accordingly, the author bases his study of ontology on the consideration of method, and begins with a rigorous analysis of words, grammar, and the meaning of statement. Proceeding to the problem of Being, he is brought up against the two elements of totality—Substance and Will. We are left with a final dualism of logical and alogical, and Mr. Slesser concludes, in opposition to idealists such as Signor Croce, that the doctrine is unsound which teaches that "because Being is only to be predicated through knowledge, the assertion of Being beyond knowledge is absurd." The style of the book is lacking in clearness and force, and we question the propriety of the word "transitive" near the top of p. 22.

***Solovyof (Vladimir).** THE JUSTIFICATION OF THE GOOD; tr. by Nathalie A. Duddington, with a note by Stephen Graham. Constable, [1918]. 9½ in. 475 pp., 15/ n. 171

The most famous work of the Russian mystical philosopher; whose connection with Dostoevsky is well known. (See forthcoming review.)

Urquhart (W. S.). PANTHEISM AND THE VALUE OF LIFE; with special reference to Indian philosophy. Epworth Press and C. H. Kelly, 1919. 8½ in. 744 pp. ind., 12/6 n. 147

The fascination of pantheism; the meaning of pantheism in its two phases, optimism and pessimism; pantheism in Indian and in Western philosophy; and the need of theism, are among the subjects treated.

200 RELIGION.

Ambrose (St.). ON THE MYSTERIES; AND THE TREATISE ON THE SACRAMENTS, by an unknown author; tr. by T. Thompson; ed. by J. H. Srawley (*Translations of Christian Literature; series 3, Liturgical Texts*). S.P.C.K. [1919]. 7½ in. 143 pp. ind., 4/6 n. 281.1

The late Mr. Thompson's translations of the treatise "Concerning the Mysteries," bearing the name of the famous fourth-century Bishop of Milan, and the treatise "Concerning the Sacraments," were completed as far as book 6, ch. 2, §9, of the latter work. The remaining sections have been translated by Mr. F. H. Colson. The editor's introduction deals with the character, authorship, and dates of the treatises, with

their liturgical interest and bearing upon Church doctrine, and with the readings of Biblical texts found in the books (some Old Latin, most from the Vulgate). There is also a section treating of the printed editions. The authorship of the treatise on the Sacraments, according to the editor, remains uncertain.

Fawkes (Alfred). CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND. Murray, [1919]. 8½ in. 31 pp. paper, 1/ n. 261.7

Prefaced by a letter from the Bishop of Hereford, the author's criticism of the proposals of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State embraces the contentions that the people who compose the Church compose the State also, and that the sense of the Church of England is to be looked for, not in denominational bodies, such as Convocation or the like, but "in Parliament and, in the last resort, in the country at large."

Sokolow (Nahum). HISTORY OF ZIONISM, 1600-1918; with introd. by A. J. Balfour; with 89 portraits and illustrations selected and arranged by Israel Solomons; vol. I. Longmans, 1919. 9½ in. 365 pp. il. pors., 21/ n. 296

The historical portion of this weighty contribution to the literature of Zionism virtually begins with an account of Manasseh Ben-Israel and the readmission of the Jews to England. There are records of the various restoration schemes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, of the plan of Napoleon Bonaparte for the restoration of Israel, of Byron's sympathetic attitude towards Jewish aspirations, and of the favourable view of the Zionist idea taken by Sir M. Montefiore, the seventh Lord Shaftesbury, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, George Eliot, and others. The movement during the latter half of last century in France and America, the activities of Baron de Hirsch (who, though not a Zionist, ardently supported Jewish colonisation schemes), and lastly, the great work of Theodor Herzl, receive full justice in the volume before us. The illustrations comprise numerous portraits of especial interest.

Williams (Arthur Lukyn). THE MINOR PROPHETS UNFOLDED: vol. 3, OBADIAH, JONAH, AND MICAH. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7 in. 73 pp., 2/6 n. 224.9

The aim of these useful commentaries is in Obadiah to bring out the vividness of the vision of the destruction of the chosen people's great enemy; in Jonah to show that the book is the call of the Almighty to a wider interest in His work than that which sees in it His care for only a select few; and in Micah to present the book as the cry of a patriot who is anxious for his country because conscious of its offences against social rights, and convinced that only in a return to God and His commands lies its safety.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Allen (J. E.).** THE WAR DEBT AND HOW TO MEET IT; with an examination of the proposed "capital levy." Methuen [1919]. 8 in. 150 pp. ind., 5/ n. 336.2

The hon. secretary of the British Association Committee on War Finance clearly summarizes the history of the recent war budgets, argues that our worst financial troubles would have been avoided had the Government adopted taxation instead of loans as their main principle, and severely criticizes the proposed levy on capital. He would deal with the problem by means of an income tax, scientifically graduated, and applied to every one in receipt of 75/ a year and upwards.

Dobbs (A. E.). EDUCATION AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS, 1700-1850. Longmans, 1919. 9½ in. 271 pp. ind., 10/6 n. 370.942

See review, p. 138.

The Idea of Public Right: twelve prize essays of *The Nation* essay competition; introd. note by H. H. Asquith. Allen & Unwin [1918]. 9 in. 324 pp., 8/6 n. 301

The essays were written before March 31, 1917, and are of considerable interest as showing the views on international

justice then held by thoughtful people of various classes of society.

***Mackinder (Halford John).** DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY: a study in the politics of reconstruction. *Constable*, 1919. 8 in. 279 pp. apps. maps, diagrs., 7/6 n. 321.8

The author traces the course of history, with respect to both sea-power and land-power, in order to answer the question, "Can we establish such a world-power as shall suffice to keep the law between great and small states, and yet shall not grow into a world tyranny?" He discusses the economic and political difficulties that will confront the League of Nations, points out the advisability of trying to secure a reasonable approach to equality of resources among the larger nations, deprecates international commercial rivalry as making for war, and pleads for a much more fully developed local life to avoid the clash of class interests which is fostered by great cities.

Scott (J. W.). SYNDICALISM AND PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM: a study in the correlation of contemporary social tendencies. *Black*, 1919. 9 in. 222 pp. ind., 10/n. 331.87

In the earlier chapters the author, who is Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University, discusses the history of syndicalism, his conclusion being: "In its main outline syndicalism is simply the failure of social construction. It is socialism's lack of faith in its own power to achieve its greater constructive aims." He then considers the reasons why "the two perhaps most antagonistic philosophies of the moment"—Bergson's evolutionism and Mr. Bertrand Russell's realism—should both provide support for syndicalist ideas, and criticizes in detail Mr. Russell's "Principles of Social Reconstruction."

***Shaw (George Bernard).** PEACE CONFERENCE HINTS. *Constable*, 1919. 7½ in. 108 pp. *paper*, 1/6 n. 341.4

This pamphlet contains the gist of Mr. Shaw's lectures on the situation during the last year or two. It is as fearless, as deadly in its clear-sightedness, as inhuman in its logic, as anything ever written by our modern Swift. Starting from where he left off in his much-abused "Common Sense and the War," Mr. Shaw challenges the sincerity of our statesmen now as then, contends that the war has been in essence a struggle for the hegemony of Europe between Britain and Germany, and declares that both parties enter the Peace Conference on equal terms morally. A true League of Nations, he reiterates, is the only safeguard against another and worse conflict between Britain and other antagonists. In his anxiety to be fair—more than fair, many will say—to the Germans, Mr. Shaw seems to ignore unduly the Hun theory of deliberate "frightfulness."

***Willcocks (Mary Patricia).** TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS. *Lane*, 1919. 8 in. 213 pp., 5/- n. 304

These essays, apparently written before the end of the war, are animated by a warm sympathy for Labour, and a keen desire to discover what are the aspirations of the awakening Third Estate in the movement towards a new order. They treat discerningly and eloquently of economic and political questions, and of the more spiritual themes, art and the people, science and life, literature and democracy.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Macleod (Julius).** THE QUANTITATIVE METHOD IN BIOLOGY. *Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans)*, 1919. 9½ in. 236 pp. 27 figs., 15/n. 577

A demonstration of the importance of making biology a quantitative science, an account of the work already done, and a discussion of the fundamental principles involved. Any given property of an organism varies according to a geometrical law, to be discovered by measurement for each particular kind.

***Messel (L.).** A GARDEN FLORA: trees and flowers grown in the gardens at Nymans, 1890-1915; foreword by William Robinson; notes by Muriel Messel. "Country Life," 1918. 9½ in. 196 pp. il. by Alfred Parsons, app., 10/6 n. 581.942

A complete and beautiful descriptive catalogue of the plants grown in a garden on the Sussex forest ridge.

***Russell (Bertrand).** INTRODUCTION TO MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY. *Allen & Unwin* [1919]. 9 in. 208 pp., 10/6 n. 510.1

Written for persons with some knowledge of ordinary mathematics who wish to study its logical basis. This work opens the way to Russell and Whitehead's "Principia Mathematica," and covers, in a more elementary way, much of the author's "Principles of Mathematics."

***Witherby (H. F.), ed.** A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS, Part I. *Witherby*, 1919. 8½ in. 80 pp. il. *paper*, 4/n. 598.2

The aim of the editor and his contributors, all of whom are members of the British Ornithologists' Union, has been to produce an up-to-date handbook that will be useful to the beginner as well as to the practised ornithologist. In the descriptions special attention is paid to the sequence of plumages and moults from the nestling to maturity. Field-characters, breeding habits, distribution and migrations are also recorded systematically. Illustrations in the text are liberally supplied, and there is also a coloured plate showing the juvenile plumages of the lesser redpolls, the siskin, and various finches.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

***Broadhurst (Jean).** HOME AND COMMUNITY HYGIENE: a textbook of personal and public health (*Home Manuals*). *Lippincott* [1919]. 8½ in. 442 pp. il. gloss. app. bib. ind. 8/6 n. 613

A practical treatise by the Assistant Professor of Biology, Teachers' College, Columbia University. Useful chapters deal with the preparation, storage, and handling of food, the disposal of sewage and refuse, disinfection, quarantine, and the like. Among the most suggestive sections of the book are those relating to the "transfer of disease," to air and ventilation, and the home.

Webster (A. D.). FIREWOODS: their production and fuel values. *Fisher Unwin* [1919]. 10½ by 7½ in. 95 pp. il. ind., 12/6 n. 634.9

There must be few persons to whom the subject-matter of this volume, by an expert in forestry, is not of considerable importance. The present scarcity of coal, the increasing value of wood as fuel, and the lack of similar books, combine to render Mr. Webster's work especially opportune in its appearance. The reader will find it a storehouse of information in regard to the sources, preparation, and comparative calorific value of firewood. Among woods with the greatest heating power the author classes oak, hornbeam, hawthorn, yew, beech, and laburnum. An interesting chapter relates to that ancient industry, charcoal-burning. Wood fires are strongly recommended by the author, who also has much to say in favour of charcoal as a fuel for many purposes.

780 MUSIC.

***Purcell (Henry).** SUITES, LESSONS AND PIECES FOR THE HARPSICORD; ed. by William Barclay Squire. *J. & W. Chester* [1918]. 4 vols., *paper*, 12/n. 787.9

Vantyn (Sidney). MODERN PIANOFORTE TECHNIQUE: a short treatise on the science and art of pianoforte playing for masters and pupils (*Music-lover's Library*). *Kegan Paul*, 1919. 7½ in. 174 pp., 2/6 n. 786.3

This manual gives practical instructions and explanations regarding position at the instrument, position of the hand, the shake, the scale, the arpeggio, the higher graces of playing, bad habits, etc. The aesthetics of pianoforte music and the practice and intentions of the great masters are not neglected.

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

Cooke (Francis B.). IN TIDAL WATERS. *Chapman & Hall*, 1919. 10 in. 251 pp. il., 12/6 n. 797

Mr. Cooke begins his reminiscences with his adventures with a toy boat on a pond at Hampstead, which led to his acquisition of a lugsail dinghy for the Thames. Most of his experiences were had in small yachts in East Coast waters, and comprise many exciting incidents that are well told, and illustrated by Mr. C. Fleming Williams.

- ***Rolland (Romain).** THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE; tr. by Barrett H. Clark. *Allen & Unwin*, 1919. 7½ in. 146 pp ind., 5/6 n. 792

This, one of M. Rolland's earliest books, is Englished by an American hand. M. Rolland has radical and uncompromising ideas upon the future theatre for the people. He passes in review the classics and the romantics, even Moliere and Shakespeare, and finds them lacking. Popular drama must have vital interest for the people, and must not be above their heads. The theatre itself must be reconstructed and reorganized. The snob-theatre of to-day is beyond adaptation or reform. Equality (of price) and fraternity must be fundamental principles, and the means of securing them are carefully explained.

800 LITERATURE.

- Archer (William).** WAR IS WAR: or the Germans in Belgium: a drama of 1914. *Duckworth*, 1919. 7 in. 127 pp., 3/6 n. 822.9

The coincidences between this play and M. Maeterlinck's 'Burgomaster of Stilemonde' are explained by identity of subject—the atrocious conduct of the German invaders in Belgium. Mr. Archer's is simpler and less ambitious than Maeterlinck's drama.

- ***Hamilton (Clayton).** MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION: revised and enlarged: introd. by Brander Matthews. *Allen & Unwin* [1919]. 8 in. 259 pp., 7/ n. 808.3

The new edition of this American work is said "to include critical estimates of the work of a number of the more recent writers of fiction, who had no mention in the 1908 edition"; but the chief discernible alteration is the insertion of sub-headings, of review questions, and of short reading-lists. The length of the book is practically unchanged.

- Maynard (Theodore).** CARVEN FROM THE LAUREL TREE. *Oxford, Blackwell*, 1918. 8 in. 108 pp. bds., 3/6 n. 824.9

In these polished essays Mr. Maynard discourses pleasantly on 'The Mystical Note in Poetry,' 'The Humour of the Saints,' 'Poets' Prose,' 'The Art of Alice Meynell,' and other subjects. One of the best relates to Sir Thomas More. The longest is concerned with 'The Guild Idea.'

- ***Rodd (Sir Rennell).** LOVE, WORSHIP AND DEATH: some renderings from the Greek Anthology. *Arnold*, 1919. 7½ in. 160 pp. notes, ind., 5/ n. 884

This edition is almost double the size of that published in 1916, the chronological arrangement of which it preserves, except that the female poets are grouped by themselves. The index gives references to the Greek texts. Several beautiful examples of an accurate rendering of both the spirit and the letter of the originals are comprised in the new matter.

- ***Rolland (Romain).** THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY: and Danton: Two plays of the French Revolution: tr. by Barrett H. Clark. *Allen & Unwin*, 1919. 8 in. 236 pp. 842.9

M. Rolland has written "at least sixteen full-length plays," intended for the people's theatre, on which his recent dissertation appears in another column. The two fine works of which Mr. Clark gives a spirited American translation are a new type of historical drama, to be performed on a vast stage capable of holding crowds of people. There will be no heroes or heroines of the conventional sort, and the plot will be the unfolding of a great historical moment—the taking of the Bastille or the fall of Danton and Desmoulins—as in these powerful examples.

- ***Sampson (George), ed.** CAMBRIDGE READINGS IN LITERATURE. *Cambridge, Univ. Press*, 1918. Books 3, 4. 8 in. 251, 304 pp., 5/- n. 808

Among the contents of these two volumes of Mr. Sampson's excellent anthology are passages from noted English translations of Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, and Apuleius. The last-named is represented by the tale of Cupid and Psyche, from William Adlington's sixteenth-century translation of 'The Golden Ass.' Comprised in the work are passages from Dante (Cary's translation), Marlowe, Herrick, and Shakespeare; from Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's 'Faust'; from works by Mr. Joseph Conrad (a sketch from 'Youth'), E. A. Poe, Samuel Butler (some pages

from 'Erewhon'), Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham (an excerpt from 'Success'), Mr. John Davidson ('In Romney Marsh'), Mark Twain, C. S. Calverley, and Sir Henry Newbolt ('Clifton Chapel'). The illustrations include reproductions of Giotto's St. Francis preaching to the birds, Sir J. E. Burne-Jones's Cupid and Psyche drawings, Alfred Stevens's sketch for the Wellington Monument, one of Piranesi's dream-pictures of prisons ('Carceri'), William Blake's 'Job's Despair,' Dürer's 'St. George,' and one of Andrea della Robbia's charming bambini.

- ***Tomlinson (H. M.).** OLD JUNK. *Melrose*, 1918. 7½ in. 238 pp., 4/6 n. 824.9

"Stories of travel and chance," introducing the reader to such topics as 'The African Coast,' 'Bed-Books and Night-Lights,' a Midland colliery at the time of a fire, life among the Lascars of Limehouse, and Christmas in the trenches. The papers are written in an admirable prose.

POETRY.

- Carrick-an-Arth; AND OTHER POEMS;** by A. O. E. MacDonald [1919]. 7½ in. 94 pp. bds., 3/6 n. 821.9

The title of this collection of early efforts in verse is taken from a Cornish garden loved by the author in childhood. A few of the pieces have been written comparatively recently, and some were suggested by the war. Facility of versification is displayed by the author, who has dealt not unpleasantly with a variety of themes.

- Fowler (William Warde).** THE DEATH OF TURNUS: observations on the Twelfth Book of the Æneid. *Oxford, Blackwell*, 1919. 7½ in. 165 pp. 873.1

The Latin text of the twelfth book is preceded by a note stating Dr. Fowler's reasons for choosing this impressive section of the epic, and is followed by many pages of scholarly commentary on the subject-matter of the book.

- Haigh (Richmond).** AN ETHIOPIAN SAGA. *Allen & Unwin*, [1919]. 7 in. 208 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

This saga-like narrative of a great war among the Pabedi is stated by the writer, a South African of Yorkshire descent, to be so true to life that the persons and incidents will recall the originals to many South Africans.

- Hay (Irene).** THE LITANY OF THE SUN; and other poems. *E. MacDonald* [1919]. 7½ in. 64 pp. bds., 2/6 n. 821.9

- Lippmann (Leonard Blackledge).** PRELUDES. *E. MacDonald* [1919]. 7 in. 43 pp. bds., 2/6 n. 811.5

The appreciative introduction to these capable verses, by Edmond Rostand, is stated to have been that writer's "last literary work."

- Masefield (Charles John Beech).** POEMS. *Oxford, Blackwell*, 1919. 8 in. 137 pp. por. paper, 4/6 n. 821.9

- Meyerstein (E. H. W.).** SYMPHONIES (Second Series). *Oxford, Blackwell*, 1919. 7½ in. 61 pp. paper, 3/- n. 821.9

Variety and a tinge of cynicism are noticeable features of these "symphonies." Much of Mr. Meyerstein's work is not devoid of subtlety.

- Shorter (Dora Sigerson).** A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH; and other ballads. *Maunsell*, 1919. 7½ in. 40 pp. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

The best of these simple verse narratives is the Irish legend of 'The Woman who went to Hell.'

- Sidgwick (Maude C.).** SONNETS. *Camb., Heffer*, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Purists may object to the term "sonnets" for these poems of fourteen or fifteen lines, variously rhymed, and containing from eight to twelve syllables (four to six feet) apiece. The rhymes include "one" and "born," "soul" and "purposeful."

- Yates (James Stanley).** WAR LYRICS; and other poems. *Oxford, Blackwell*, 1919. 8 in. 87 pp. por. paper 3/ n. 821.9

- ***Yeats (W. B.).** THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE. *Macmillan*, 1919. 8 in. 124 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

See review, p. 136.

FICTION.

Blyth (James). A DANGEROUS THING. *Long*. [1919]. 8 in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

This is an attempt to combine a story of a lover's treachery, and vicarious amends by a magnanimous hero, with descriptions of war life at the base, apparently studied at secondhand. There are sundry errors in the scraps of French.

Burgin (G. B.). A GENTLE DESPOT. *Hutchinson* [1919]. 7½ in. 248 pp., 6/9 n.

The despot is the daughter of the mayor of a provincial town, and is an attractive personage whose relations with her "set"—including not only the members of her family, but also some American friends, and an officer on leave from India—are amusingly described. The story is readable and pleasant.

Crocker (B. M.). BLUE CHINA. *Hutchinson* [1919]. 7½ in. 286 pp., 6/9 n.

This story is a clever narrative of the intrigues and wiles of a personage of the Becky Sharp type, niece of an enthusiast in old china. Good as a character study, the novel holds the reader's attention.

Dell (Draycott M.) and Wynne (May). THE RED WHIRLWIND. *Jarrolds* [1919]. 7½ in. 253 pp., 6/ n.

"May Wynne" has given us better and less old-fashioned tales than this romance of Royalist lovers and Jacobin spies in Brittany and Paris in the closing days of the Terror. Hérault de Seychelles figures as two persons—such is the nemesis of a double name.

D'Urville (Jeanne). FILLES DE METZ. *Paris, Renaissance du Livre* [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp. paper, 4 fr. 50. 843.9

Madame d'Urville's principal theme is the fascination excited in pre-war days by handsome young German officers, but when the war comes patriotic feeling for France prevails over the blandishments of the representatives of German "Kultur."

Fletcher (J. S.). THE SEVEN DAYS' SECRET (*Popular Novels*). *Jarrolds* [1919]. 7 in. 184 pp., 1/9 n.

A more sensational revelation would have better satisfied the instincts of curiosity and suspense excited by this story of mystery, murder and blackmail.

Henriot (Emile). VALENTIN (*Le Roman Littéraire*). *Paris, Michel* [1919]. 7½ in. 349 pp. paper, 4 fr. 50. 843.9
See forthcoming review.

King (Basil). THE CITY OF COMRADES. *Chapman & Hall*, 1919. 8 in. 290 pp., 7/ n. 813.5

This New York novel is a curious mixture of sentimental romance, a story of rescue work among inebriates and other outcasts, and conversations that are long debates on the ethical points of a love-affair. The Down and Out Club, a brotherhood of mutual aid among the outcasts themselves, is a capital idea.

Macaulay (Rose). WHAT NOT: a prophetic comedy. *Constable*, 1918. 7½ in. 250 pp., 6/ n.
See forthcoming review.

McCarthy (Justin Huntly). NURSE BENSON. *Hurst & Blackett* [1919]. 8 in. 255 pp., 6/9 n.

This is the sentimental comedy of a titled lady impersonating a nurse and of a wounded officer, who submits to be her lover, which has had such a long run at the Globe Theatre.

***Mackenzie (Compton).** SYLVIA AND MICHAEL: the later adventures of Sylvia Scarlett. *Secker*, 1919. 7½ in. 304 pp., 8/ n.
See forthcoming review.

†Malory (Shaun). TREASURE OF TEMPEST: a romance of South Africa (*Popular Novels*). *Jarrolds* [1919]. 7 in. 248 pp., 1/9 n.

Maxwell (William Babington). THE GREAT INTERRUPTION. *Hutchinson*, 1919. 8 in. 272 pp., 6/9 n.

A dozen stories of Tommies, officers, Huns, and French and Belgian civilians, and of people at home during the war, none of any marked distinction.

Putnam (Nina Wilcox) and Jacobsen (Norman). *ESMERALDA*: or every little bit helps: il. by May Wilson Preston. *Lippincott*, 1918. 7 in. 173 pp. bds., 4/6 n. 813.5

A Yankee Jeames de la Pluche tells how a girl from the Wild West arrives among her fashionable relatives, and, by her awkward questions and trying downrightness, makes game of their bridge parties for the Red Cross, their futile knitting, and their expensive entertainments for raising sums for war work.

Rhodes (Hylida). WHAT SNOW CONCEALS. *Long* [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

A man whose suit has been rejected revenges himself by getting the lady's daughter, his own niece, married to a man whom he knows to be a rake. The unpleasant nature of the plot is not redeemed by the style in which the book is written, some of the sentences being quite ungrammatical.

***Stacpoole (Henry de Vere Stacpoole).** UNDER BLUE SKIES. *Hutchinson* [1919]. 8 in. 288 pp., 6/9 n.

One long story, with an exciting plot and a rather huddled conclusion, is followed by ten slighter tales about the South Seas—coral isles, lagoons, beachcombers, hobos, wreckers, Kanakas, and all the paraphernalia of Stevensonian romance in its Pacific phase. Mr. Stacpoole catches the magical atmosphere of the tropics, and makes out of it a perfect setting—as, e.g., in 'A Problem of the Sea.'

920 BIOGRAPHY.

***Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench**: ed. by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. *Dean & Son*, 1919. 8½ in. 528 pp. il., 15/ n. 920

As a consequence of the sweeping changes introduced by the Representation of the People Act, the fifty-third edition of "Debrett's House of Commons" contains a very large amount of new matter, including revised returns of the votes polled by every candidate, and descriptions of the boundaries of each constituency.

***Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, for 1919.** *Kelly's Directories*, 1919. 7½ in. 1741 pp., 20/. 920

The forty-fifth issue of this extremely useful handbook has been kept well up-to-date. It includes the new House of Commons and the reconstructed Ministry; and the list of occurrences during printing gives the titles of the latest additions to the House of Lords.

Plowman (Thomas F.). FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE. *Lane*, 1919. 8½ in. 345 pp. il. por. ind., 12/6 n. 920

Here we have another book of reminiscences by the secretary of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, who has put together much readable gossip about people whom he has met, and great occasions which he recalls. One of the most interesting of the latter is the celebration of Oxford's millenary. A few good stories are told. Mr. Plowman has some interesting remarks on water diviners, or "dowsers," the evidence in favour of whose power he considers to be "overwhelming."

Sturge (Joseph).

Hobhouse (Stephen). JOSEPH STURGE: his life and work. *Dent*, 1919. 7½ in. 208 pp. por. ind., 4/6 n. 920

Mr. Hobhouse has produced a short but attractive and sympathetic biography of this earnest-minded Friend, social reformer and Chartist, hater of war, opponent of slavery, and leading spirit in the movement for educating adults. He died in 1859, a year after he had been appointed President of the Peace Society.

Thomson (William).

Thomson (Ethel H.). THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. *Lane* [1919]. 8½ in. 432 pp. il. por. app. ind., 16½ n. 920

Born in 1819, William Thomson was educated at Shrewsbury and Queen's College, Oxford, and in due course became Provost of Queen's, Bampton Lecturer, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and Primate of England. His judicious administration of the Northern Province, his cautious attitude in the Colenso controversy, and his popularity with the working classes of Sheffield, are well brought out.

Wilson (Thomas Woodrow).

President Wilson, *New Statesman*; by Africanus. *Melrose*, 1919. 7½ in. 231 pp. apps., 2/6 n. 920

This thoughtful study of the man, his development, his work, and his message, may be grouped with the short biographies included in our January list.

930-990 HISTORY.

Dawson (William Harbutt). THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1867-1914, AND THE UNITY MOVEMENT: vol. I. *Allen & Unwin*, 1919. 9 in. 500 pp. ind., 16/n. 943.08

In this survey of German modern political history, by the author of 'The Evolution of Modern Germany,' controversy is eschewed, but personal views and opinions are not excluded. The first chapter covers the period from 1806 to 1848. The eleven succeeding chapters treat of the progress of Germany from the meeting, in 1848, of the National Assembly at Frankfort, down to 1888, the year of the prolongation of the Socialist Law.

Hill (David Jayne). IMPRESSIONS OF THE KAISER. *Chapman & Hall*, 1919. 9 in. 288 pp., 12/6 n. 943.085

The author, who was formerly American Ambassador at Berlin, has made a close study of the mentality and motives of William II, and gives an account of the methods by which, as German Emperor, he induced his people, "at first distrustful of his purposes," to become subservient to Prussianism and Hohenzollern ambitions, to build up a dangerously powerful war machine without providing means for its rational control, and to place the resources of the State at the disposal of a single will holding itself without accountability to men.

*Steed (Henry Wickham). THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY: 4th ed.: with new preface. *Constable*, 1919. 9½ in. 340 pp., 8/6 n. 943.6

This book was first published in 1913, and describes the late Emperor, the empire and its people, and the Austro-Hungarian foreign policy as seen by "The Times" representative in Vienna in 1912-13.

*Treitschke (Heinrich von). HISTORY OF GERMANY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: vol. 5; INFLUENCE OF FRENCH LIBERALISM, 1830-40: tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul: introd. by William Harbutt Dawson. *Jarrol and Allen & Unwin*, 1919. 9 in. 667 pp. apps. ind., 15/n. 943.07

The present volume of this translation of Treitschke's masterly work, which is to be completed in seven instalments, relates mostly to a few years preceding and following the Revolution of 1830.

Wilcox (E. H.). RUSSIA'S RUIN. *Chapman & Hall*, 1919. 9 in. 322 pp. ind., 15/n. 947.08

The author, who was the Russian correspondent to "The Daily Telegraph," published a series of articles in "The Fortnightly Review," upon which this work is based. A complete and connected story of the Russian Revolution is not given, the author's object being rather to describe in detail some of the determining causes of the Revolution. Nearly all the facts set forth are stated to be derived from documentary sources.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Bernheim (Bertram M.). PASSED AS CENSORED. *Lippincott*, 1918. 8 in. 148 pp. bds., 5/n. 940.9

Capt. Bernheim was attached as surgeon to one of the first American medical units landed in France, and in these familiar letters written to his wife and family at home, and extending from June, 1917, to March, 1918, he gives graphic accounts of his experiences. He praises highly the arrangements for attending to the wounded made by the French before a great attack, such as that on the Chemin des Dames; mentions on several occasions that he was performing operations nearly all day long, and says of severely-wounded American soldiers that, being all young and in good physical condition, "their recuperative powers are unbelievable." He recognizes all the horrors of war, but is firmly convinced that the Allies are fighting for the right, and will be finally victorious, and regrets that America did not throw herself into the conflict earlier.

Boulinols (Helen). SOME SOLDIERS AND LITTLE MAMMA (On Active Service Series). *Lane*, 1919. 7½ in. 209 pp., 5/n. 940.9

Lively, slangy, rather gushing letters, by a lady who has worked hard among the soldiers in the war zone and elsewhere, describing life and characters.

*Doyle (Sir Arthur Conan). THE BRITISH CAMPAIGNS IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1917. *Hodder & Stoughton*, 1919. 9 in. 318 pp. maps, diags. ind., 7/6 n. 940.9

The fourth volume of this history of the war has for its main episodes the battles of Arras and Messines, the third battle of Ypres, and the battle of Cambrai, ending with the disappointing epilogue to the last victory. Sir Arthur keeps to his original plan of giving due credit to the deeds of individual units, and his pages are studded with accounts of glorious incidents. Yet he manages to convey a fairly clear idea of the general movements, though the maps are not so helpful as they might have been.

Farrer (Reginald). THE VOID OF WAR: letters from three fronts. *Constable*, 1918. 7½ in. 285 pp., 6/n. 940.9

In these pleasant letters, grouped under three main headings, 'The Heart of England,' 'The Face of France,' and 'The Call of Italy,' the author brings before the reader a succession of remarkably vivid pictures of the battle areas in France, Flanders, and Italy.

Gauvain (Auguste). L'ENCERCLEMENT DE L'ALLEMAGNE (Serie Rouge). *Paris, Bossard*, 1919. 6½ in. 167 pp. paper, 3fr. 940.9

The hollowness of the representations regarding her alleged isolation, made in 1914 by Germany, will be found clearly demonstrated in this essay by the editor of the "Journal des Débats." M. Gauvain first deals with the various German theses concerning a war of prevention and the like, and demolishes them. He then shows, from authentic German documents and foreign official papers, that the Government of William II. premeditated the War.

O'Neill (H. C.). THE WAR IN AFRICA, 1914-17, AND IN THE FAR EAST, 1914. *Longmans*, 1919. 8 in. 123 pp. 11 il. 7 maps, 3/6 n. 940.9

Mr. O'Neill has compressed a large quantity of matter into his small volume. He describes in turn the capture of the German colonies in the Pacific, of Kiaochow by the Japanese, and of German South-West Africa and German East Africa by General Botha and General Smuts. He has also provided excellent maps illustrating each campaign.

Paine (Ralph D.). THE FIGHTING FLEETS: five months of active service with the American destroyers and their allies in the war zone. *Constable*, 1918. 8 in. 412 pp. 73 il., 10/6 n. 940.9

Racy and full of anecdote, this book gives a vivid idea of life at sea during the War, more especially on submarines, destroyers, drifters, and small craft in general. The most hair-raising yarn is a matter-of-fact narrative from the report of an officer on a British submarine that rammed a U-boat under water.

Reiss (R. A.). THE KINGDOM OF SERBIA: infringements of the rules and laws of war committed by the Austro-Bulgaro-Germans: letters of a criminologist on the Serbian Macedonian front. *Allen & Unwin* [1919]. 7½ in. 128 pp. il. paper, 3/6 n. 940.9

The writer was commissioned by the Serbian Government to investigate and report upon alleged cases of massacre, wanton bombardment of open towns, the use of forbidden projectiles, etc. He has issued one report, and is preparing another. The present work consists of the substance of letters to Lausanne, Amsterdam, and Parisian newspapers, of certain confirmatory enemy documents, and other material, and the horrible facts are illustrated by photographs.

St. John (Isabella, Lady). A JOURNEY IN WAR TIME. *Lane*, 1919. 7½ in. 199 pp., 5/n. 940.9

Lady St. John gives a straightforward account of her experiences in journeying from England, without a military permit, to a village close to the firing line to see her son who had been wounded.



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